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NUMBER 195 DECEMBER 1977

MAD

"Credit cards are what people use after they discover that money can't buy everything!"—Alfred E. Neuman

WILLIAM M. GAINES *publisher* ALBERT B. FELDSTEIN *editor*

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CONTRIBUTING ARTISTS AND WRITERS
the usual gang of idiots

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Printed In U.S.A.

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LETTERS DEPT.

A STAR'S A BOMB

Larry Siegel's and Mort Drucker's "A Star Is A Bomb" was a direct hit!

Rick Wilson
Santee, Calif.

Siegel and Drucker screwed up a beautiful movie!

Karin Dayton
Victoria, B.C.
Canada

The name "Oyster Hockfleisch" is even longer than "Olivia Newton-John".

Kathleen McCarter
Pasadena, Calif.

Girl upstages boy, girl sings louder than boy, girl gets boy out of her movie!

Sissel Hain
Isla Verde
San Juan, P.R.

I liked Larry Siegel's idea of "a dreamy ballad" as performed by Oyster Hockfleisch!

Joe Barber
Paris, Ontario
Canada

Though he didn't get it in the movie, Kris Kristofferson attained "stardom" through Mort Drucker's dramatic likenesses of him!

Laurence Jay Abraham
Teaneck, N.J.

REALITY WORLD

"Reality World" and its "Haunted White House" may be one exhibit that has to be expanded every four years!

Don Thorson
Pine City, Minn.

SPECIALIZED TOURS FOR YOU AND YOUR NEUROSIS

I'd like to shake Stan Hart's hand for his germ-laden "Hypochondriac's Tour", but he might have something that's catching.

Mike Millner
Augusta, Ga.

Stan Hart's "Hypochondriac's Tour" worked. It made *me* sick!

Nicholas Petk
London, Ontario
Canada

FIRE SALE!

No kiddin', gang! If these full-color portraits of Alfred E. Neuman, MAD's "What—Me Worry?" kid...suitable for framing or for training puppy dogs... don't start selling, somebody around here is gonna get fired! So fight unemployment! They're only 35¢ for one, 75¢ for 3, $1.55 for 9, $3.15 for 27 or $6.35 for 81! Send money to: MAD, 485 MADison Avenue, N.Y., N.Y. 10022

COVER CHARGE

On your "Churlie's Angles" front cover, you had Fawcett-Majors and Smith "lookin' good" while Jackson resembled something from another planet. I'm a great fan of Kate's and that made me very upset. I don't think Rickard even knows what Kate looks like!

Cathy Bunnell
Peru, Indiana

Rickard's Recollection Of Kate

In my opinion, Kate Jackson is holier-than-they. So how come Jack Rickard made Farrah and Jackie so heavenly and Kate so devilish?

Amanda DuBoff
Haverford, Pa.

ONE WEDNESDAY EVENING IN A RESTAURANT MEN'S ROOM

Don Martin's "One Wednesday Evening In A Restaurant Men's Room" should have been scrubbed!

Diane Jay
Walden, N.Y.

Martin has a certain way with toilet articles!

Tom Laurent
Pittsfield, Mass.

CASEY AT THE TALKS

"Casey At The Talks" was putting it on the line. Even the New York Yankees couldn't offer him enough to sign.

Jack Jones
Montreal, Canada
Canada

MORE AMERICAN JOKES THEY'RE TELLING IN POLAND

Whenever I hear a crack on Poland, I return with "More American Jokes They're Telling In Poland".

Elizabeth Wein
Harrisburg, Pa.

MAD PRODUCTS WITH PAIRED NAMES

Regarding "MAD Products With Paired Names", by Clarke and Jaffee, you might consider changing the name of your magazine to "Read & Regurgitate".

B. Todd Durham
Grapevine, Texas

"Read & Heave"...?

Mark Berg
San Antonio, Texas

CHURLIE'S ANGLES

Your long-awaited "Churlie's Angles" was well worth the wait!

Bruce Goldfarb
West Nyack, N.Y.

On a scale of 1 to 100, I rate Silverstone's "Churlie's Angles" 36-24-36.

Rich Bruckner
Marysville, Calif.

"Churlie's Angles" raised a point of "angel inequality". Hopefully, this upcoming season, it will be corrected and Kate Jackson will start wearing lower necklines.

Richard Francisco
Phoenix, Arizona

"Churlie's Angles" was so funny, when I ran to tell my friends about it I got a Churlie Horse!

Harrison Merims
Schenectady, N.Y.

Farrah, Kate and Jackie were in top form!

Mike Colavolpe
Branford, Conn.

Your version of "Charlie's Angels" was great except that the story line was too much like a *real* episode. As a contributing writer to television's "C.A.", I know.

D. C. Stager
Rohnert Park, Calif.

ONE MONDAY AFTERNOON IN A DOWNTOWN JEWELRY STORE

Don Martin put the stupid blinkin' "J" in his "One Monday Afternoon In A Downtown Jewelry Store" sign *backwards!* Four times! Satirical art, and I use the term loosely in his case, must be flawless. Otherwise, it loses its stature and you simply end up with the pot blacking the kettle call.

U. Chavan
Clearwater, B.C.
Canada

Don explains that the "J" isn't backwards. The rest of the letters are backwards!—Ed.

FAIRY TALE SCENES

Don Martin and Don Edwing really put the "bite" on Fairy Princesses.

Rick Woodruff
Bonfield, Ont.
Canada

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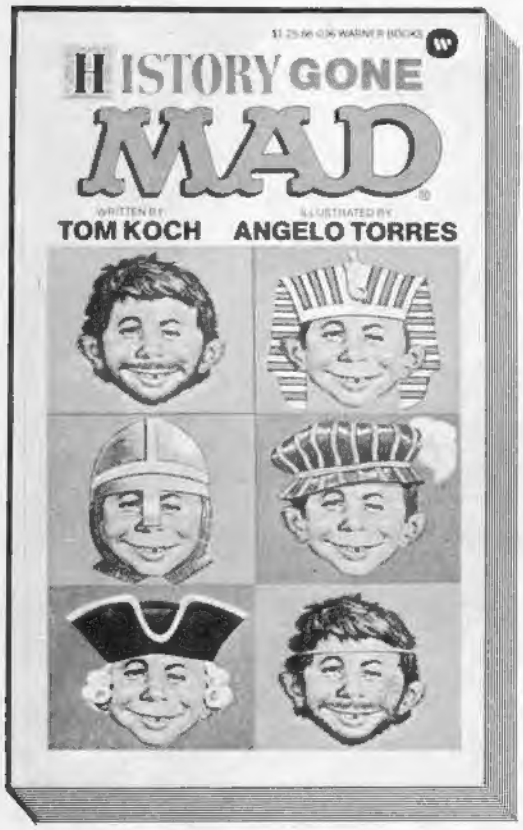

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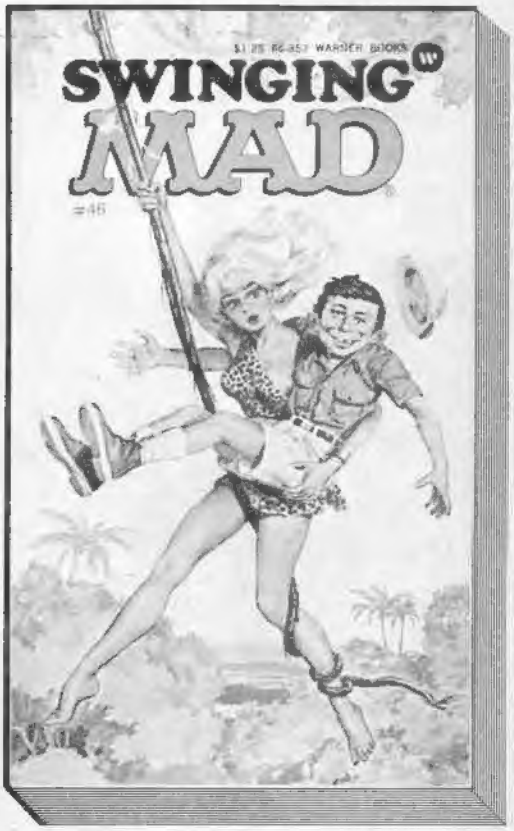

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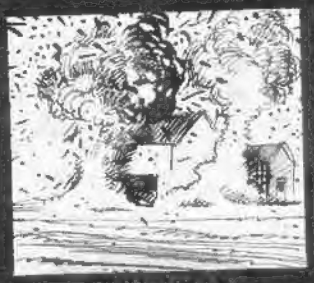
PRESENTING ANOTHER MAD DOUBLE FEATURE

WILL A DERANGED VIETNAM POW VETERAN MANAGE TO KILL 82,000 SCREAMING FOOTBALL FANS DURING THE SUPERBOWL . . . OR, WORSE YET, WILL HE DO NOTHING AND JUST LET THEM KILL EACH OTHER?

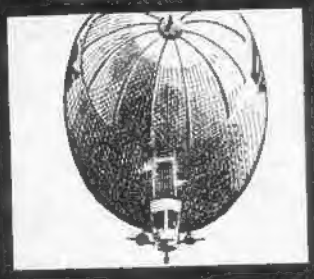
MONDAY
The Terrorists
Make Their Plans

TUESDAY
The Israelis
Make Their Raid

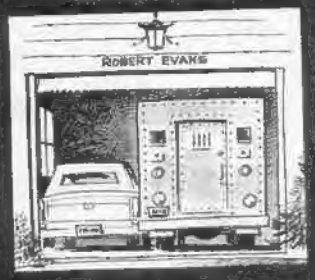
WEDNESDAY
The Female Lead
Makes Her Partner



THURSDAY
The Experiment
Makes A Mess



FRIDAY
The Blimp Makes
Its Acting Debut



SATURDAY
The Producers
Make A Mint

IT ALL COMES TOGETHER ON

BLIMP SUNDAY

AND MAD TAKES IT APART FOR YOU TODAY

6:04 P.M.
FLIGHT 23 CRASHES IN THE BERMUDA TRIANGLE

6:09 P.M.
PASSENGERS STILL ALIVE, TRAPPED UNDER WATER

6:14 P.M.
EVERYONE SCREAMING TO GET OUT . . . MOSTLY THE AUDIENCE, TRYING TO ESCAPE FROM THE THEATRE

THE 747 CAPTAIN | THE ART PATRON | HER OLD LOVER | THE CAREER WOMAN

THE OCEAN-OGRAPHER | HIS WIFE | HER YOUNG LOVER | . . . AND THE MILLIONAIRE

WHAT DO ALL THESE IMPORTANT PEOPLE HAVE IN COMMON, ASIDE FROM THE FACT THEY CAN'T ACT?

THEY'RE ALL TRAPPED ABOARD A PRIVATE JET THAT SINKS, ALONG WITH THE CREDIBILITY IN . . .

AIRPLOT '77

OTHERWISE KNOWN AS A TWO-HOUR COMMERCIAL FOR BOEING

BLIMP SUNDAY

I am guilty of **terrible war crimes!** But my North Vietnamese captors have **not punished me!** They've been **good** to me . . . even though I've **begged** them to **spank me . . . beat me!**

This is the man you are counting on to help carry out our **terrorist attack?!?** Can we **trust** him?? He seems **emotionally disturbed! Crazy!!**

There are **ways** to **appeal** to such a mind! It takes some **love, understanding, kindness**—and a **lot** of **lollipops!**

I **still** do not understand why he wants to **help** us! He's an **American!** Why is he **sympathetic** to our **cause??**

He feels that he **TRUSTED** the **U.S. Government,** and he was **lied to** by his **President!** He wants to **get even!**

In **that** case, we should have **220 million OTHER Americans joining us!!**

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

This is an **Israeli raid!** We've **killed** everyone **here,** but for **some** strange reason, I'm going to **let you live!!**

Is it because of my **attractive eyes . . . ?**

I doubt it . . . ! I haven't looked **UP that high yet!**

People of America . . . you have continued to **help the Israelis** with **guns and money!** So now, you will **share** our **suffering! Death** and **destruction** will **rain down on you** before the end of the year! **Thousands** will **die!!**

I don't know about **YOU guys** . . . but somehow, I find this message a **DOWNER!**

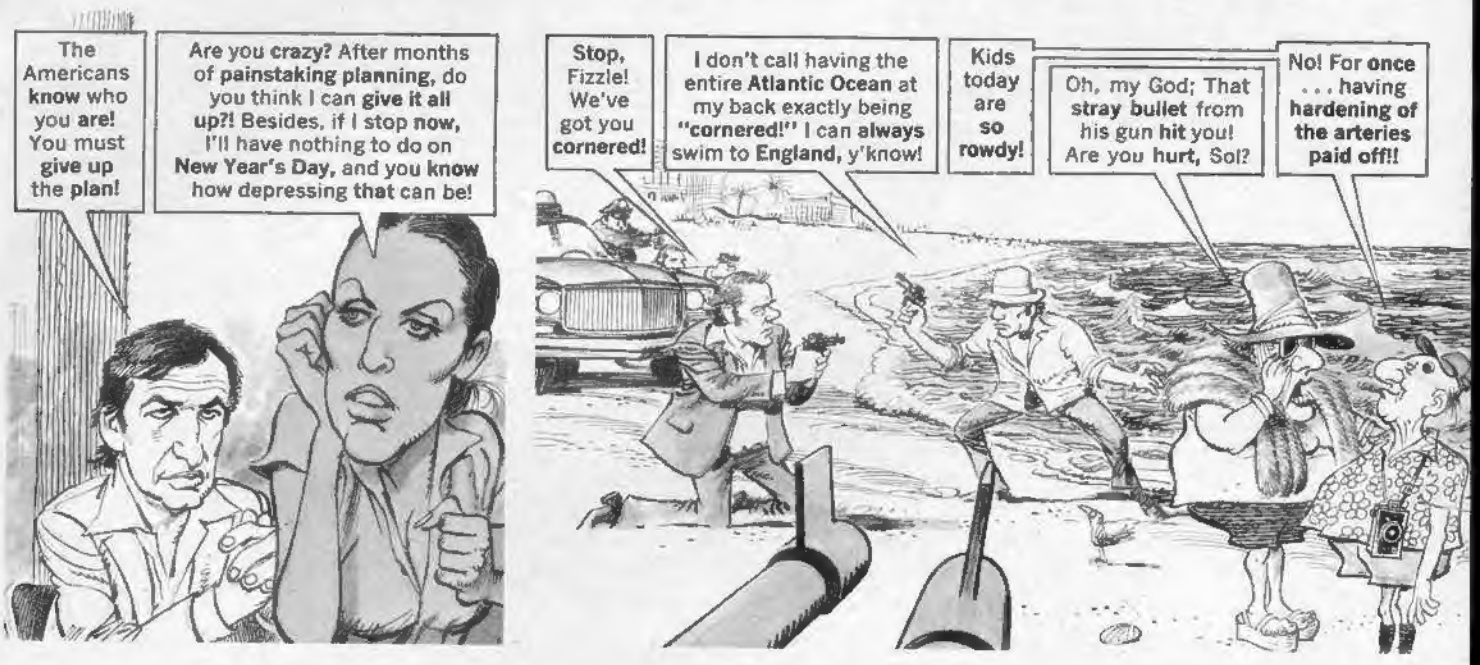
The tape said . . . "Death and destruction **before the end of the year . . . !**" What do you think **THAT** means . . . ?

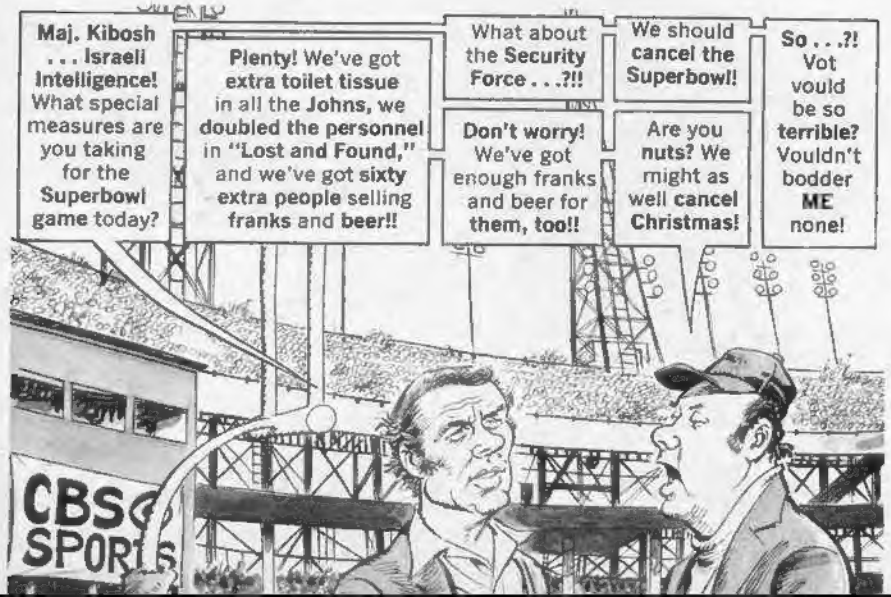
What it means **EVERY** year! **Christmas shopping!**

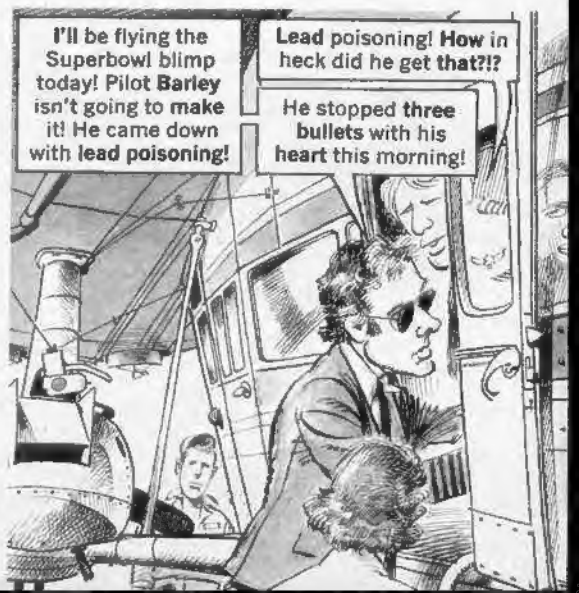
POORLY

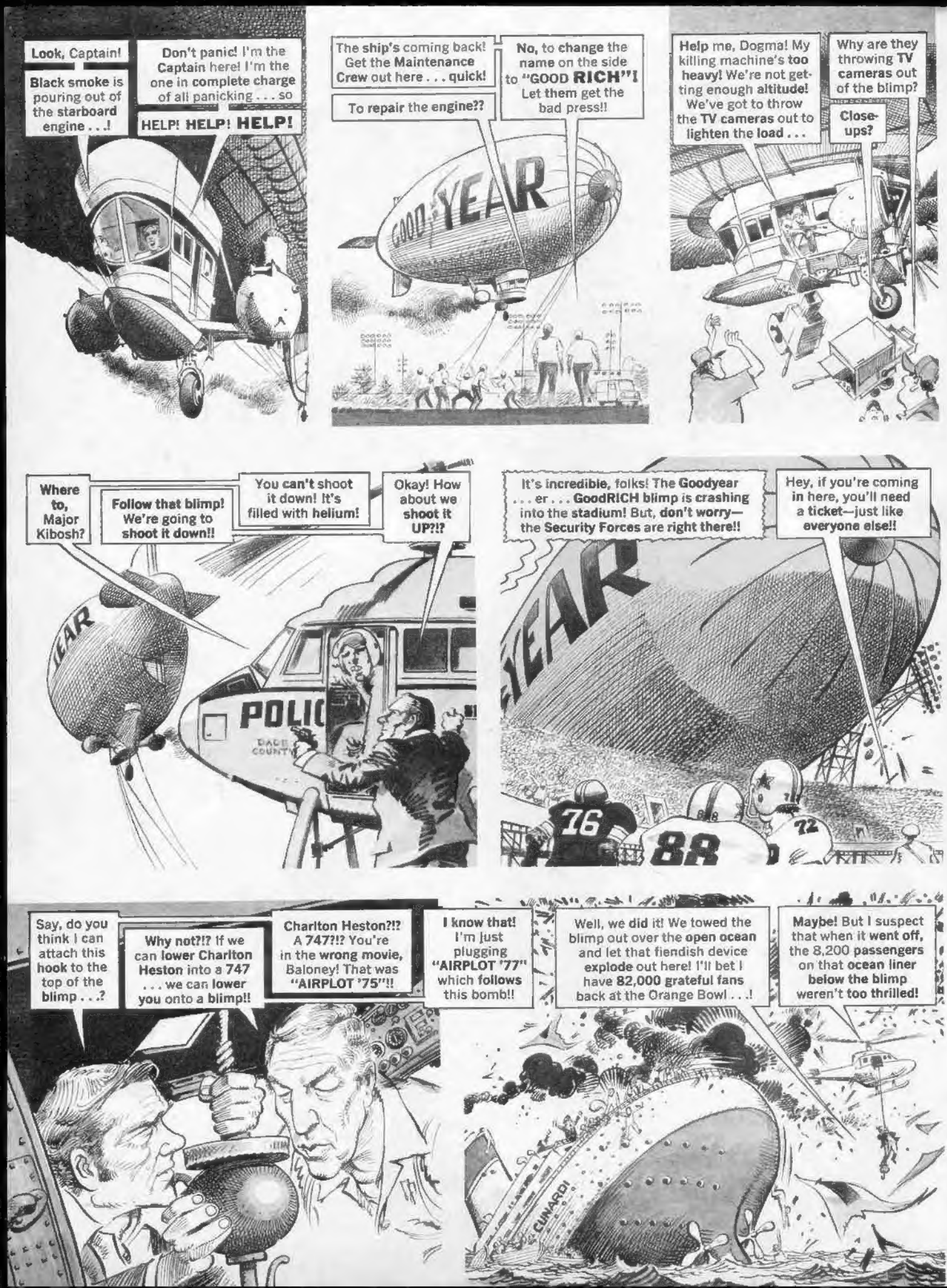
Where the hell have you been? You're TWO DAYS LATE!!
You know how bad crosstown traffic can be! Look what I brought from Beirut for our cause . . . !
I thought this operation was just gonna be YOU and ME! And now . . . you're gonna involve GOD?!
No, silly! This may be a religious figure on the outside, but on the inside, it's a deadly explosive!!
Boy . . . talk about your MIRACULOUS STATUES . . . !!
I'm Captain Launder! I'm here to show Mr. Pew I'm as normal as the next guy!
I'm glad to hear that! I really believe it!!
And could you speed it up? I've got my blimp double-parked!
But on the other hand . . . the guy next to you might have the edge!!
VETERANS ADMINISTRATION OFFICE
PEW
Captain, there was a speedboat here last night and it off-loaded twelve cases of something from this ship! What was it . . . ?
It was fifteen cases, and I haven't the vaguest idea what you're talking about!
I'm going to ask you once more, and if you don't answer me, I'm going to stick this knife all the way into your throat! Then, you won't be ABLE to talk . . . and I'll REALLY get angry!!
M—my—my ph-phone is r—r—ringing! C-can I answer it?
Yes, but act calm! Don't go to pieces!
RING!
Boy . . . for a Ship's Captain, he sure can't follow orders!
BA-ROOM!
Is this Major Kibosh's room?
Yes . . . but no one is allowed to see him!
My name is Sister Disguised! I'm from Our Lady of a Thousand Faces! I must see him!!
You can see him AFTER I take you to Security and have you identified . . . !
Security will tell you the same thing they tell everybody about us Sisters! "They all look alike to me, Fellah . . . !"
CHICKEN SOUP
59¢
Nurse, please don't give the patients their sleeping medicine in the elevators!
I'm afraid he's not sleeping! He's dead!
Then TOMORROW night when you give him his medicine . . . I suggest you reduce the dose!
ELEVA

Hey, what are you two doing out here in the desert . . .?!
We came to take some important pictures! You can be IN them!
Should I say "Cheese"?
If this works properly . . . "Swiss Cheese" would be more appropriate!
BAM
Look at it, Dogma! 22,000 bullet holes in a perfect dispersal arc! My killing device is a guaranteed, foolproof system . . .!!
Hey . . . when you get those pictures developed . . . can I get a couple of 8 X 10's?
Well, almost foolproof!


The Americans know who you are! You must give up the plan!
Are you crazy? After months of painstaking planning, do you think I can give it all up?! Besides, if I stop now, I'll have nothing to do on New Year's Day, and you know how depressing that can be!
Stop, Fizzle! We've got you cornered!
I don't call having the entire Atlantic Ocean at my back exactly being "cornered!" I can always swim to England, y'know!
Kids today are so rowdy!
Oh, my God; That stray bullet from his gun hit you! Are you hurt, Sol?
No! For once . . . having hardening of the arteries paid off!!


Maj. Kibosh . . . Israeli Intelligence! What special measures are you taking for the Superbowl game today?
Plenty! We've got extra toilet tissue in all the Johns, we doubled the personnel in "Lost and Found," and we've got sixty extra people selling franks and beer!!
What about the Security Force . . .?!!
Don't worry! We've got enough franks and beer for them, too!!
We should cancel the Superbowl!
Are you nuts? We might as well cancel Christmas!
So . . .?! Vot vould be so terrible? Vouldn't bodder ME none!
CBS SPORTS


I'll be flying the Superbowl blimp today! Pilot Barley isn't going to make it! He came down with lead poisoning!
Lead poisoning! How in heck did he get that?!?
He stopped three bullets with his heart this morning!


Look, Captain!
Black smoke is pouring out of the starboard engine . . .!
Don't panic! I'm the Captain here! I'm the one in complete charge of all panicking . . . so
HELP! HELP! HELP!
The ship's coming back! Get the Maintenance Crew out here . . . quick!
To repair the engine??
No, to change the name on the side to "GOOD RICH"! Let them get the bad press!!
GOODYEAR
Help me, Dogma! My killing machine's too heavy! We're not getting enough altitude! We've got to throw the TV cameras out to lighten the load . . .
Why are they throwing TV cameras out of the blimp?
Close-ups?
Where to, Major Kibosh?
Follow that blimp! We're going to shoot it down!!
You can't shoot it down! It's filled with helium!
Okay! How about we shoot it UP?!?
POLIC
It's incredible, folks! The Goodyear . . . er . . . GoodRICH blimp is crashing into the stadium! But, don't worry—the Security Forces are right there!!
Hey, if you're coming in here, you'll need a ticket—just like everyone else!!
76
88
72
Say, do you think I can attach this hook to the top of the blimp . . .?
Why not?!? If we can lower Charlton Heston into a 747 . . . we can lower you onto a blimp!!
Charlton Heston?!? A 747?!? You're in the wrong movie, Baloney! That was "AIRPLOT '75"!!
I know that! I'm just plugging "AIRPLOT '77" which follows this bomb!!
Well, we did it! We towed the blimp out over the open ocean and let that fiendish device explode out here! I'll bet I have 82,000 grateful fans back at the Orange Bowl . . .!
Maybe! But I suspect that when it went off, the 8,200 passengers on that ocean liner below the blimp weren't too thrilled!
CUNARD!

AIRPLOT '77

Mr. Steelking, you're a multi-millionaire collector! Did you make your huge fortune collecting art or stamps?

Well . . . actually . . . I made my huge fortune collecting MONEY!!

Is it true that you took an option on your very own 747?!?

No, I BOUGHT my very own 747! In case I really like flying, I took an option on my very own AIR FORCE!

I've heard that Mr. Steelking is very generous—that he wants to share his multi-million dollar art collection with the people!

It's true! This is our fifth load, and no one's tried to stop us yet!!

Does he also collect antiques . . .?

Yes, he does! As a matter of fact, wait till you see the group of people coming here on his 747! They're the biggest collection of antiques ever gathered in one place!!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

What's in the bag?

Some hand guns . . . a couple of tanks of knock-out gas . . . and several hi-jacking tools!

Okay! You can pass through! We don't bother to search the honest ones!

SECURITY

I'm connecting the knock-out gas with the oxygen supply! When we're airborne, I'll release it and put them all out!

As a back-up measure, I'm placing a print of this movie into the "In-Flight" film projector! We'll put them to sleep one way or the other!

KNOCK OUT GAS

Captain Gallant, you're fifth in line for take-off, and . . . er . Cancel that! You're FIRST in line for take-off! Proceed . . .

What happened to the four planes in front of us??

Mr. Steelking just bought them . . . and had them scrapped!

Let me acquaint you with this very special airplane! It has conference rooms, bedrooms, a lounge, a library, 3 galleys—plus a gymnasium and a suana!

It's so huge, it must only be able to land at big airports!

No . . . we can land ANYWHERE WE WANT! We also carry our own landing strip!

I hope you don't mind my asking you this—but how long have you been blind?

I'm not blind! I'm . . . I'm terrified of flying, so I always shut my eyes tight!

Ninny, you were so very sweet to remember I like champagne!

Lady, at my age, I'm lucky to remember anything!

I'm going to see my Dad . . . Mr. Steelking! He promised to buy my Son some TRAINS!

Yeah . . .! Anybody happen to know what guage the Santa Fe Railroad is . . .?

You have a big mouth, but everything else you have is small! You may have a feeling for business, but you have no feeling for me! You've got a big bankroll, but a small heart!!!

Karat, why are you so mean to your Husband?!

Please . . . leave her be! This is the KINDEST she's been in years!

Quick! Release that gas before THEY put US to sleep!

What th—? Something has gone wrong! I just lost Steelking 41 Sierra Flight . . .!

Don't worry about it! There are lots of other flights! Here . . . take one of mine! You can have Eastern 77 Charlie Flight!

The whole plane just vanished into the LOVE TRIANGLE!!

Don't you mean the BERMUDA TRIANGLE . . .??

No . . . with all of the hanky-panky going on in that plane . . . I mean the LOVE TRIANGLE!!

Are you sure your "Search & Rescue" ships and planes are enough to find that missing 747 . . .?!?

I'm positive, Mr. Steelking! But we do appreciate your offer to buy the Atlantic Ocean and drain it!

There're an awful lot of valuable "Still Lifes" aboard that aircraft!

Don't worry! We'll try to save the entire cast!!

O K PINCHIK, ENOUGH OF THAT SMALL TALK!

What was that CRASH?!?

We hit an oil derrick!

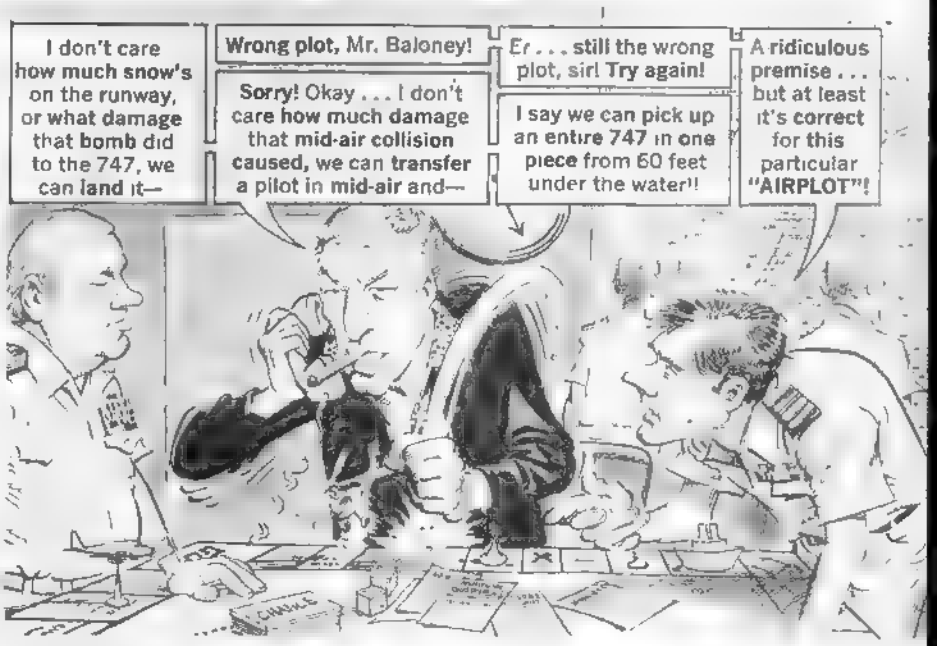
What in hell were you doing flying that low?

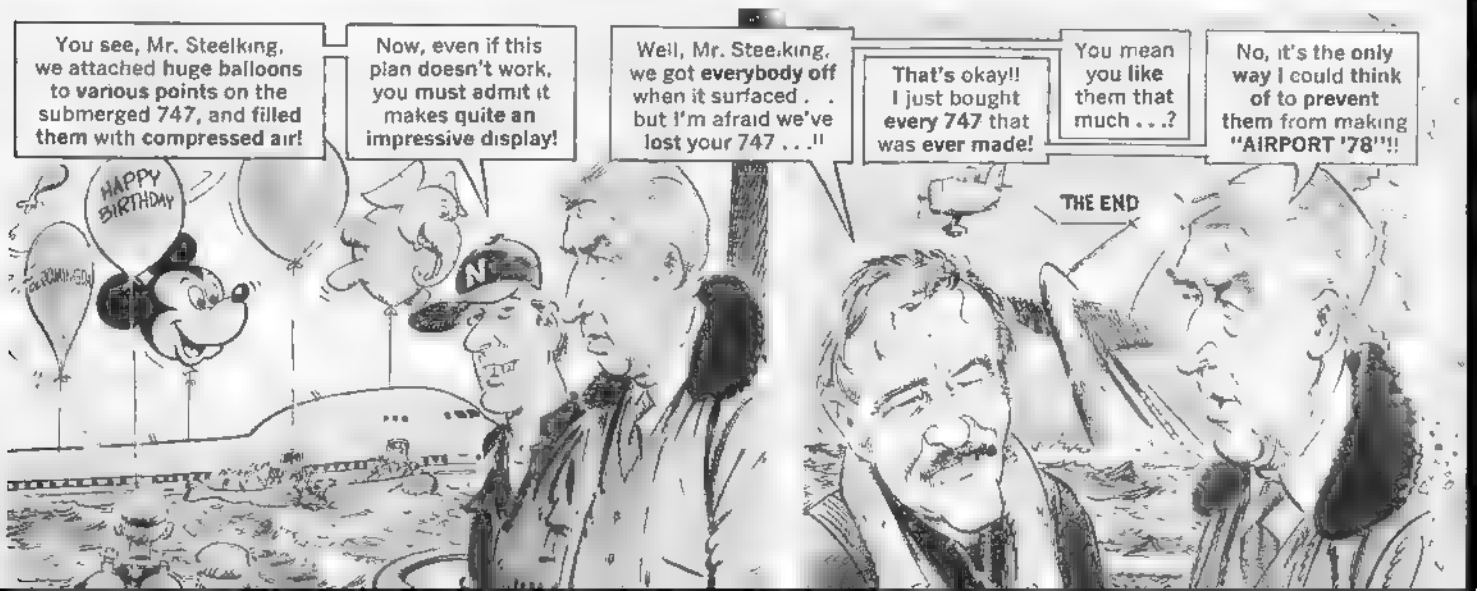
I wanted to ask for directions!

Captain, wake up! We—we've crashed! The airplane is under water!!
We're—under water?! Gee, that's too bad! Because the only gadget a 747 lacks is a PERISCOPE!!
Oh, my God! Oh, my God! Water is leaking in on the rug!!
Take it easy! Don't panic!! Mr. Steelking can afford a new rug!!
GEE, CONRAD, EVEN THE AMERICANS BLUNDER!

There's only one chance for us to be saved! I've got to get to the surface with this radio transmitter!
Well, at least the CAPTAIN knows what he's doing!
Oh, really?! We're 60 feet under water—and HE'S putting on a PARACHUTE!!

Look! The Captain made it! He MADE IT! HOO-RAYY!!
Why are WE cheering?!? He's safe up there, and we're trapped down here!

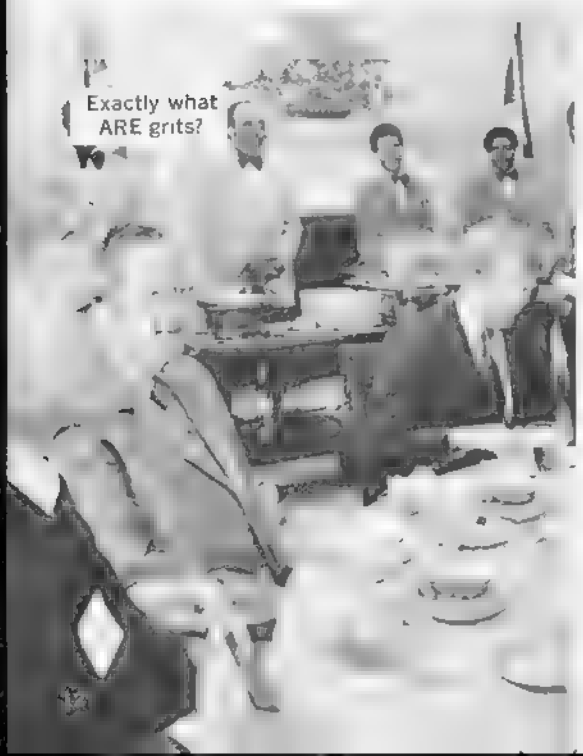

I don't care how much snow's on the runway, or what damage that bomb did to the 747, we can land it—
Wrong plot, Mr. Baloney!
Sorry! Okay . . . I don't care how much damage that mid-air collision caused, we can transfer a pilot in mid-air and—
Er . . . still the wrong plot, sir! Try again!
I say we can pick up an entire 747 in one piece from 60 feet under the water!!
A ridiculous premise . . . but at least it's correct for this particular "AIRPLOT"!


You see, Mr. Steelking, we attached huge balloons to various points on the submerged 747, and filled them with compressed air!
Now, even if this plan doesn't work, you must admit it makes quite an impressive display!
HAPPY BIRTHDAY
Well, Mr. Steelking, we got everybody off when it surfaced . . but I'm afraid we've lost your 747 . . .!!
That's okay!! I just bought every 747 that was ever made!
You mean you like them that much . . .?
No, it's the only way I could think of to prevent them from making "AIRPORT '78"!!
THE END

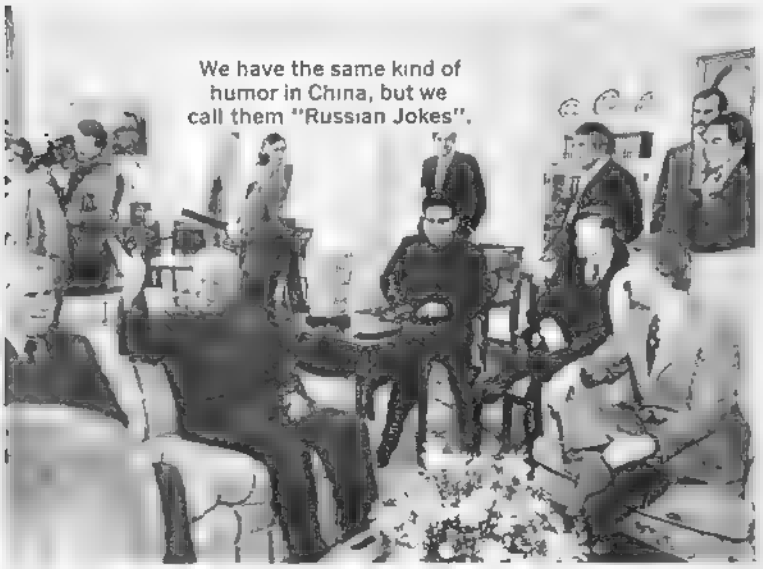
PLAINS TALK DEPT.

HERE'S A MAD LOOK AT THE SPEAKING FR

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



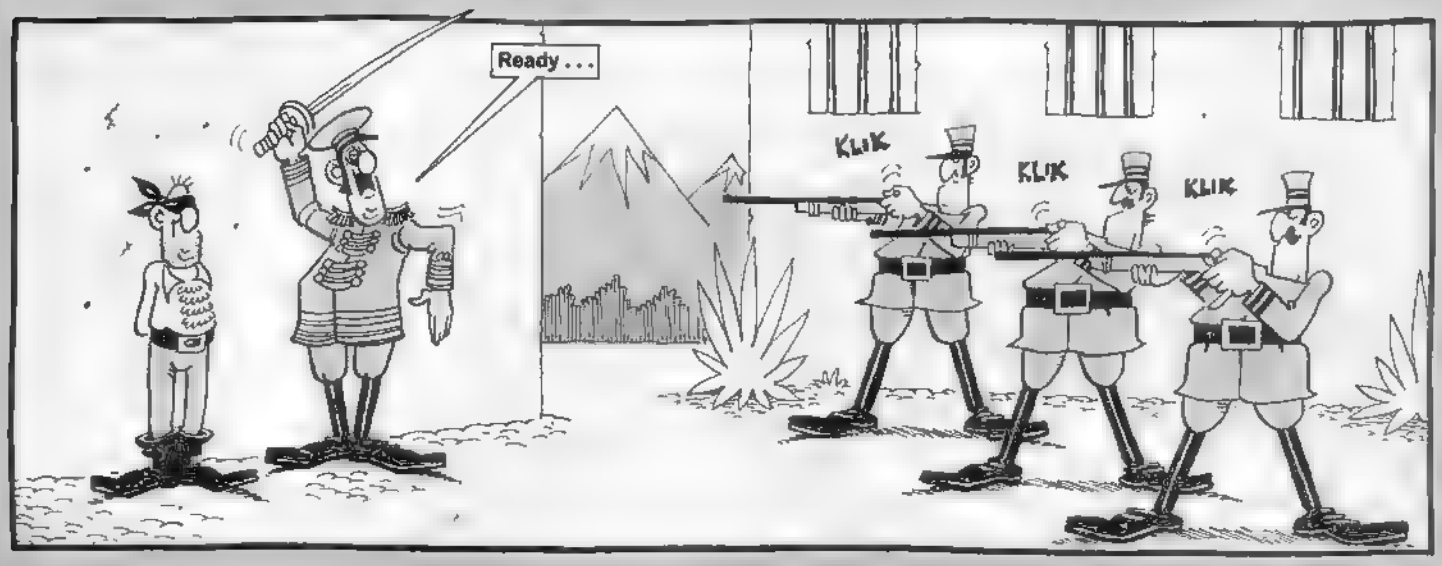
CARTER ADMINISTRATION
OM PICTURES

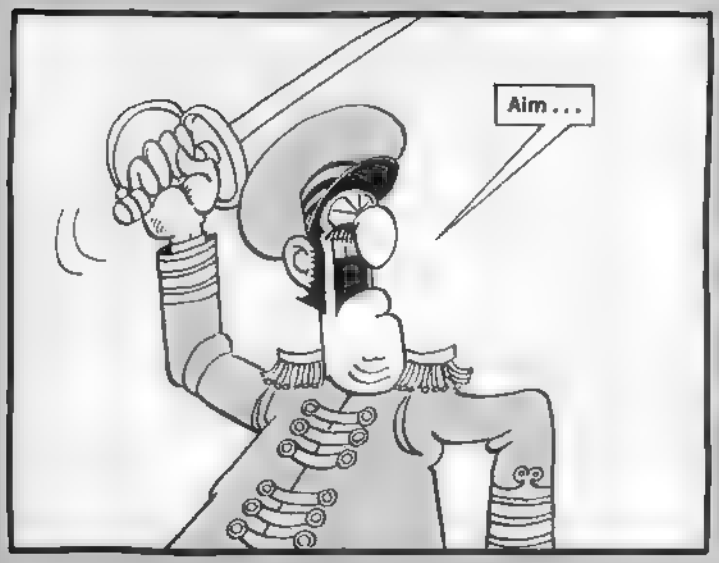


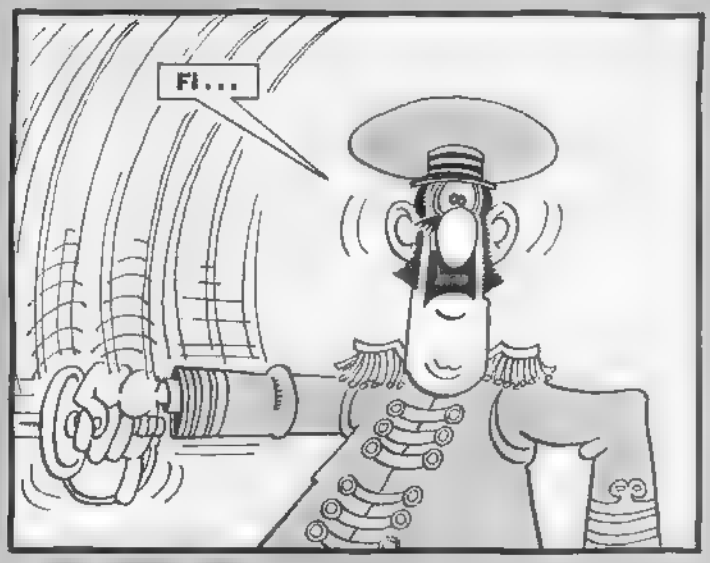
PHOTOS BY UPI

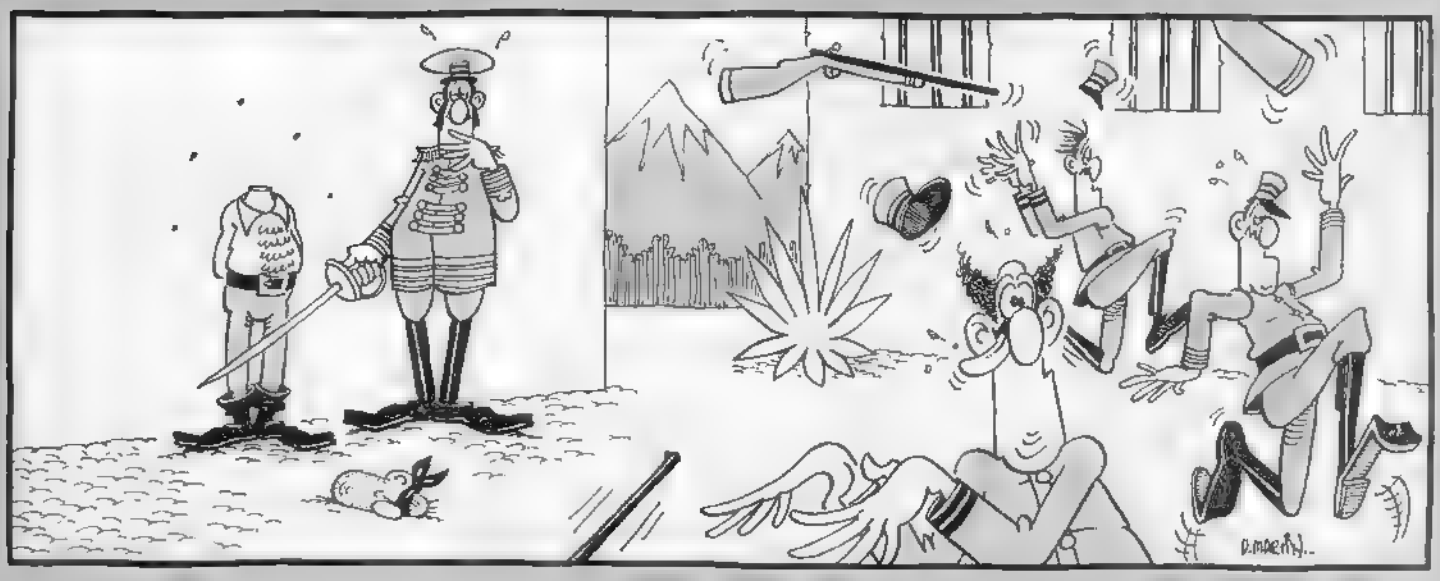
DON MARTIN DEPT. PERT!

EARLY ONE MORNING IN SOUTH AMERICA









BALANCING ACTS DEPT.

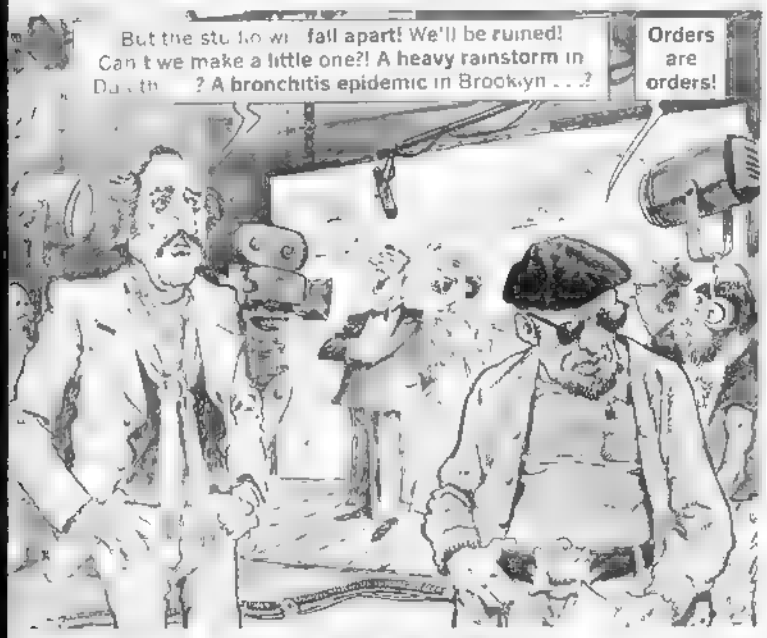
WE'RE ALL FAMILIAR WITH THE "STROKE" HANDICAPS IN GOLF AND THE "WEIGHT" HANDICAPS IN HORSERACING. ACCORDING TO THE DICTIONARY, A "HANDICAP" IS A DISADVANTAGE OR ADVANTAGE PLACED UPON COMPETITORS

HANDICAPS IN

Muhammad Ali would have to fight his next Championship bout with his mouth gagged.

The week's leading Rock group would have to perform an entire number without swaying, snapping fingers or using the word "baby."

Hollywood's most successful studio would be forced to go an entire year without making a "Disaster Movie."



The current Wrestling Champion would have to perform his next match without a script.

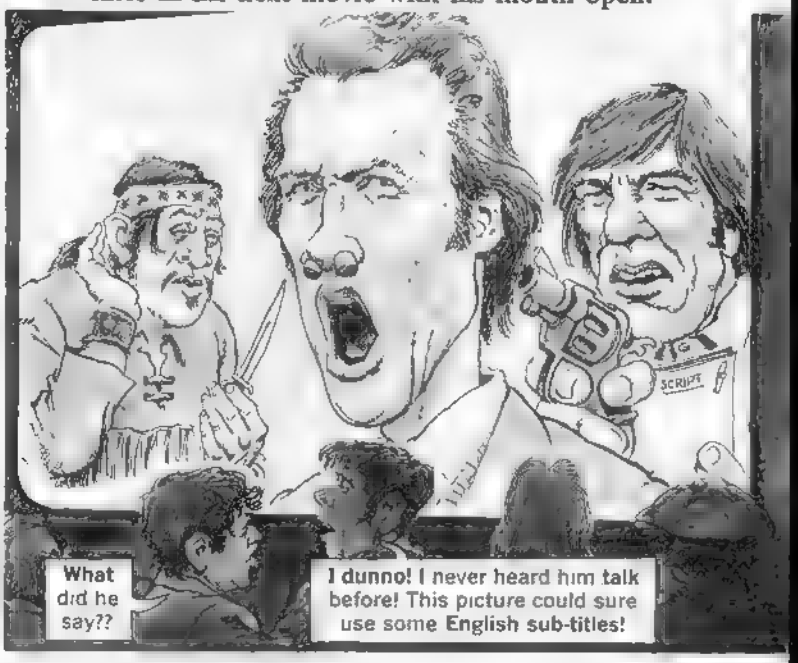
ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.

IN A RACE OR OTHER CONTEST TO EQUALIZE THEIR CHANCES OF WINNING. WELL, WE THINK HANDICAPS ARE A GREAT IDEA, AND THEIR POTENTIALS HAVE HARDLY BEEN TAPPED. JOIN US NOW AS MAD DEVISES SOME . . .

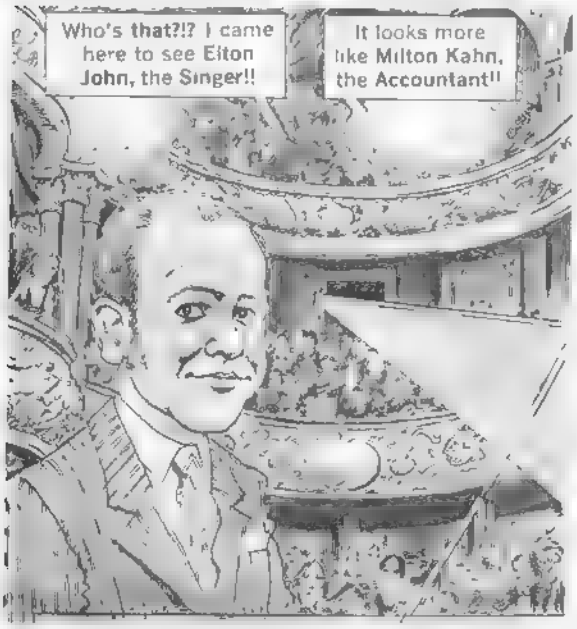
OTHER FIELDS

Every Saturday night, the leading club in the NBA would have to field an all white basketball team.

Clint Eastwood would have to deliver all his lines in his next movie with his mouth open.



Elton John would have to give concerts in a Brooks Brothers suit and contact lenses.



Every Mafiosa Don would be forced to operate one month a year without his two best weapons—his Judge and his Police Captain.

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL IDEA: ADAM GARST

THE MAD LIKE...LOVE.

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.

Don't You LIKE...

. . . your playful new purebred dog?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . how she frolics with the other dogs?

Don't You HATE...

. . . trying to dispose of nine mixed-breed puppies?

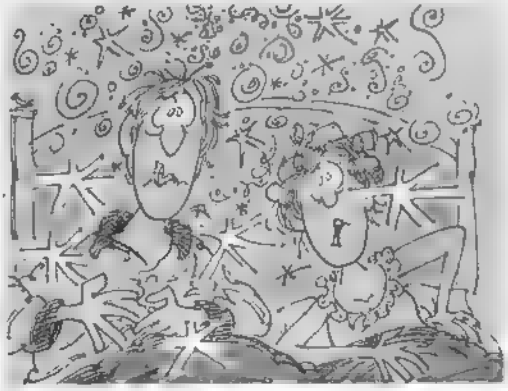
Don't You LIKE...

. . . the surprise of stumbling onto an exotic new restaurant?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . the surprise of tasting an exotic new Mid-Eastern dish?

Don't You HATE...



. . . the surprise of waking up at 3 AM with an exotic new heartburn?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . discovering a new exciting board game?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . inviting your friends over to play your new game?

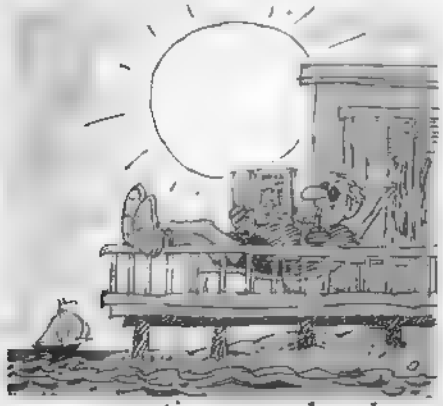
Don't You HATE...

. . . spending the first three hours figuring out the rules?

WRITERS: FRANK JACOBS AND MARYLYN IPPOLITO

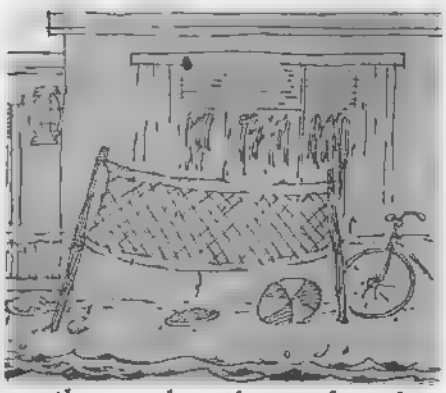
..HATE BOOK

Don't You LIKE...



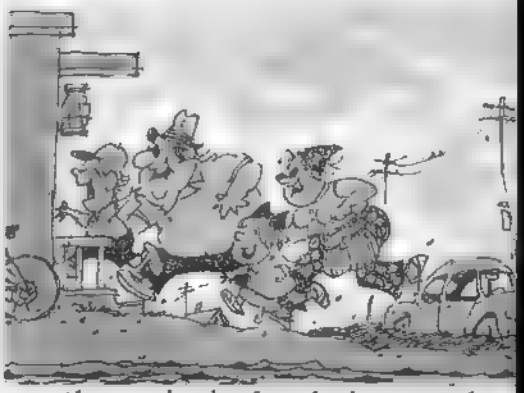
...renting a beach house for the summer?

Don't You LOVE...



...the sand...the surf...the sea air...the sun...the sports?

Don't You HATE...



...the uninvited relatives and friends who freeload all summer?

Don't You LIKE...

...sleeping late on your birthday?

Don't You LOVE...

...being served breakfast in bed by your husband and kids?

Don't You HATE...

...having to clean up the mess they made in the kitchen?

Don't You LIKE...

...the liberated age we live in?

Don't You LOVE...

...feeling unhibited and free of the restrictions of society?

Don't You HATE...

...being an unwed mother?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . having a father who is very interested in your schoolwork?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . conning him into doing your Math homework for you?

Don't You HATE...

. . . getting a failing mark on the Math homework he did?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . settling down to watch Monday Night Football on TV?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . watching your favorite football team in action?

Don't You HATE...

. . . Cosell telling you you're watching the poorest-played game in five years?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . meeting someone from a foreign country?

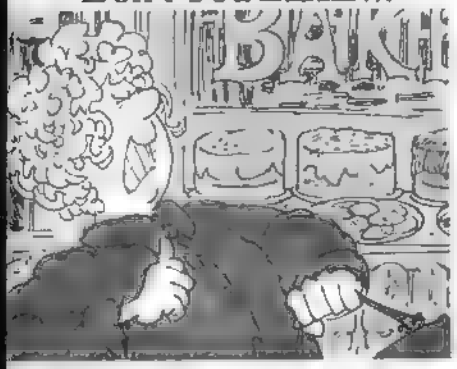
Don't You LOVE...

. . . learning his language so you can really communicate?

Don't You HATE...

. . . discovering that boredom is world-wide?

Don't You LIKE...



. . . finding the willpower to stick to your diet?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . finally losing twenty-five pounds?

Don't You HATE...

. . . hearing overweight friends tell you how scrawny and sickly you look?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . going to Tag Sales?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . picking up a fabulous floor lamp for only $15.00?

Don't You HATE...

. . . spotting a store unloading the same lamp for only $9.95?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . sitting next to the school grind?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . copying his answers during a Chemistry exam?

Don't You HATE...

. . . being so stupid you can't even *copy* correctly?

Don't You LIKE...

. . . being a worker protected by a Union?

Don't You LOVE...

. . . your Union leaders demanding and getting you a $10-a-week increase?

Don't You HATE...

. . . hearing that Management was prepared to go as high as $15?

Don't You LIKE...

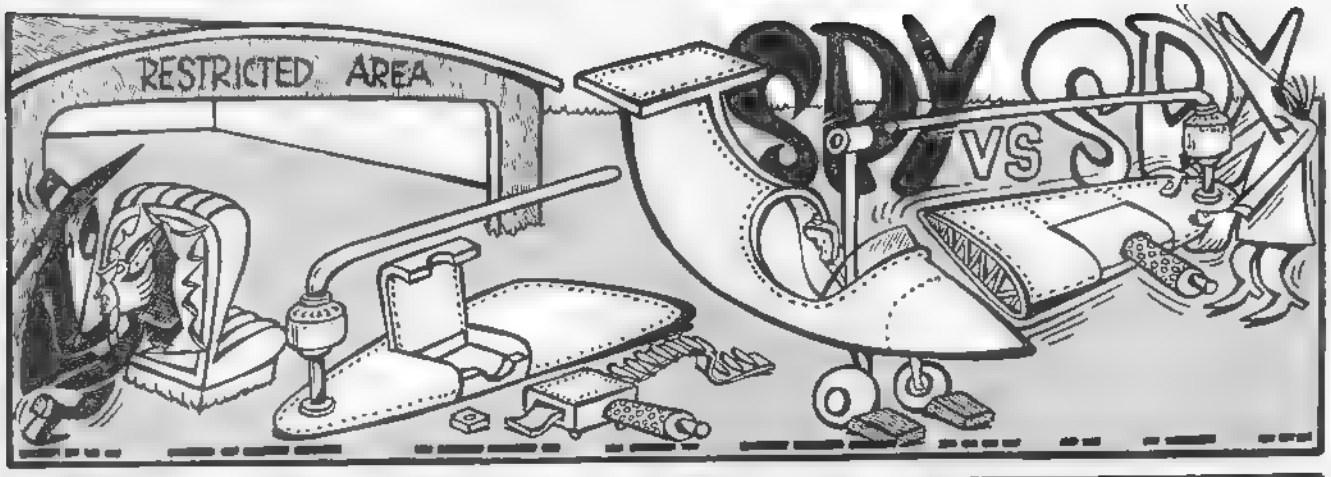
. . . having an Uncle who owns a toy store?

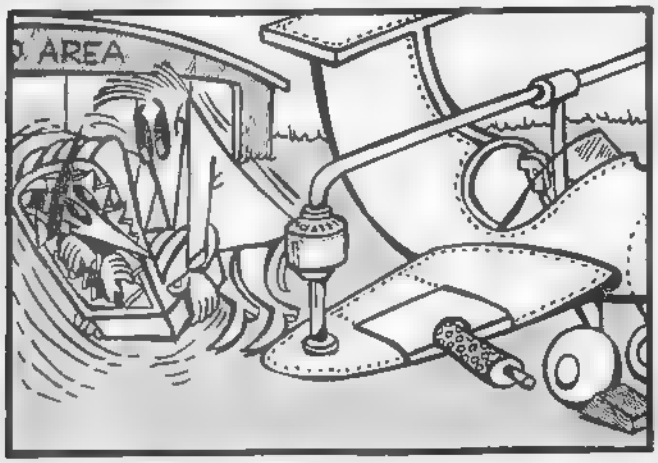
Don't You LOVE...

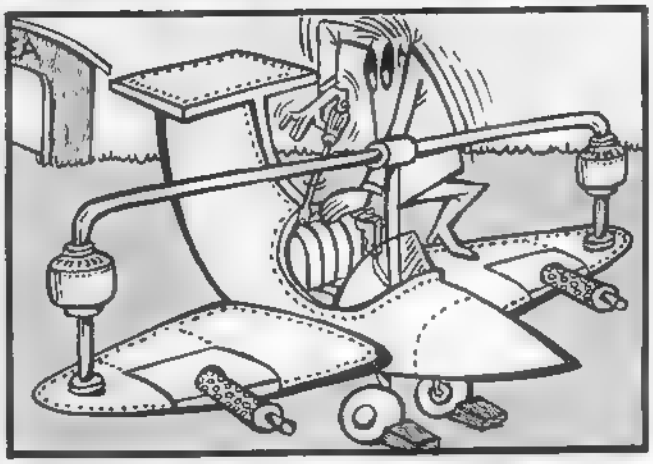
. . . when he visits you on your birthday?

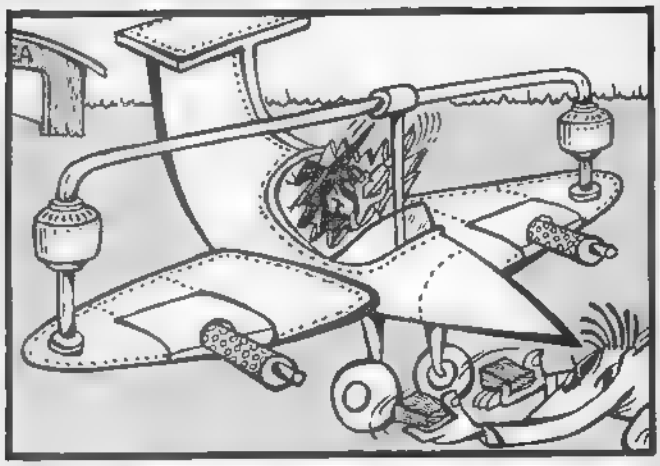
Don't You HATE...

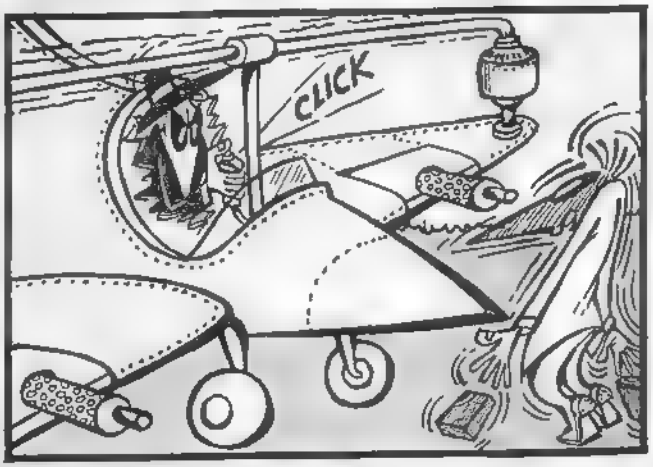
. . . getting a Savings Bond from him as your present?

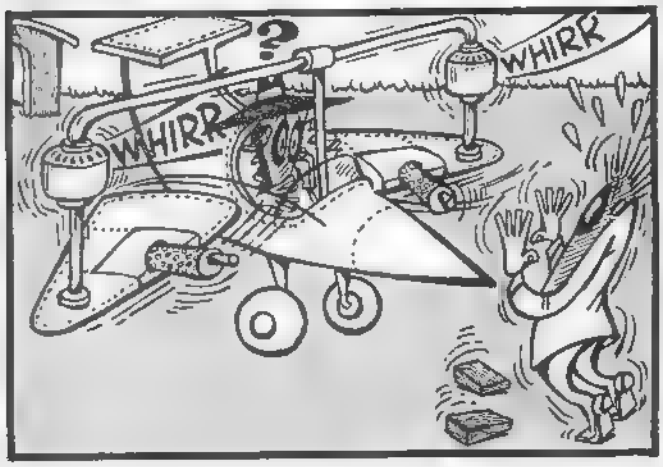

RESTRICTED AREA
SPY VS SPY








CLICK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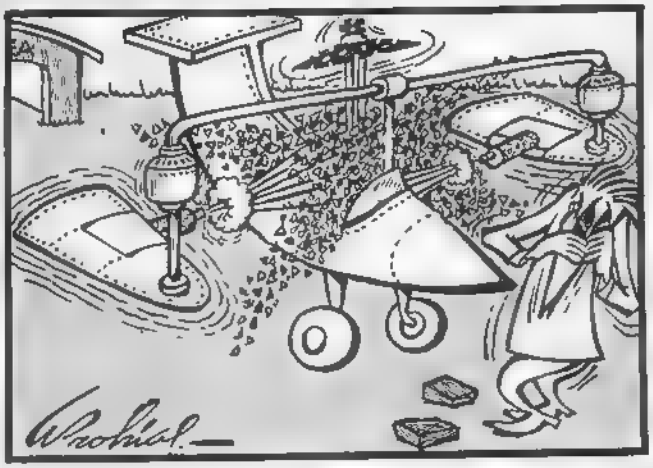


WASTE MEASUREMENTS DEPT.

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT . . . WHEN . . .

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: STAN HART

. . . whether the right person will inherit Howard Hughes's fortune . . .

. . . you can't even raise enough cash to keep up the car payments!

. . . if Princess Margaret is lonely and miserable since her separation from Anthony Armstrong Jones . . .

. . . you sit by yourself in your room all day watching the flies make love!

. . . who'll win the Academy Awards . . .

. . . you can't even afford to go to see the overpriced movies the actors in contention are getting rich on!

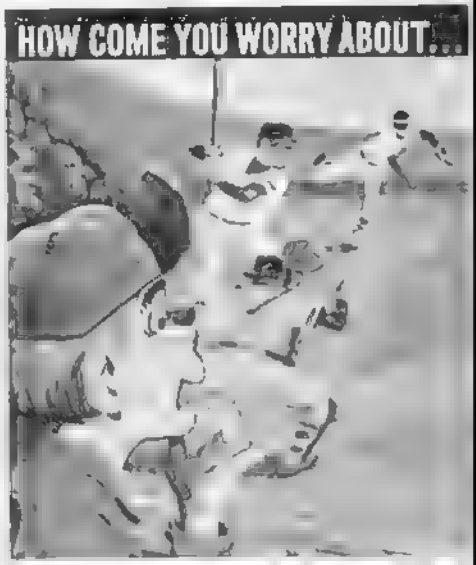
. . . whether Barbara Walters is happy at ABC with her 5 million dollar contract. . .

. . . you're working in some grimy sweatshop for the minimum wage.

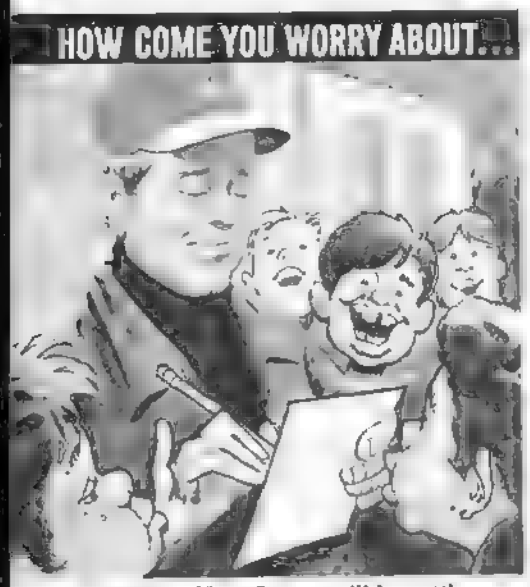
. . . whether Jackie Gleason can make a successful comeback . . .

. . . what's happening to Chris Evert and Jimmy Connors' relationship . . .

. . . that bum you call your boyfriend hasn't called you in over a week now!

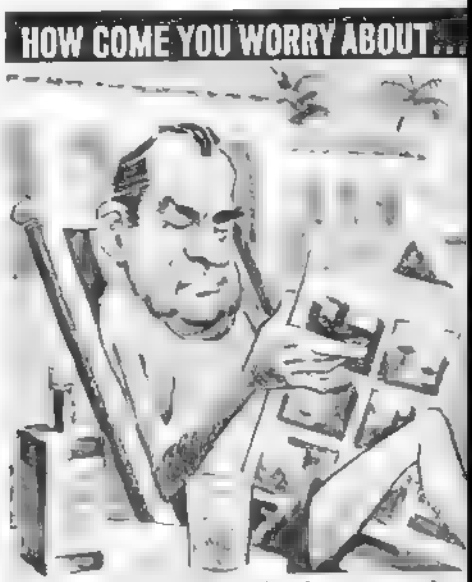


. . . Joe Morgan's future whenever his batting average falls below .310 . . .



. . . whether Tom Seaver will be getting $100,000 or $175,000 this year . . .

. . . you've been killing yourself trying to get a five buck raise at work!



. . . if Richard Nixon is a happy man in his virtual exile at San Clemente . . .

WHEN...

. . . you can't even get yourself a job because you're over 45!

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

. . . who's going to make this year's "Ten Best Dressed Women" list . . .

WHEN...

. . . you've got to buy your clothes in "schlock" stores . . . or go naked!

WHEN...

. . . you've fallen below "C" in half your subjects, and "D" in the rest!

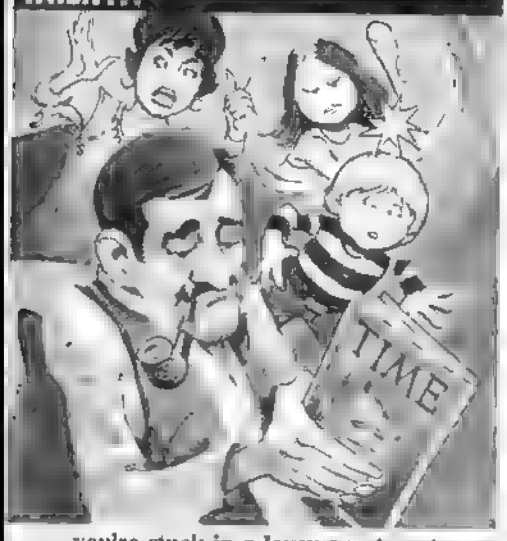
HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

. . . whether Joan and Ted Kennedy's marriage is really a happy one . . .

WHEN...

. . . the last happy moment you had with your crummy Husband was when he paused before saying, "I do!"

WHEN...



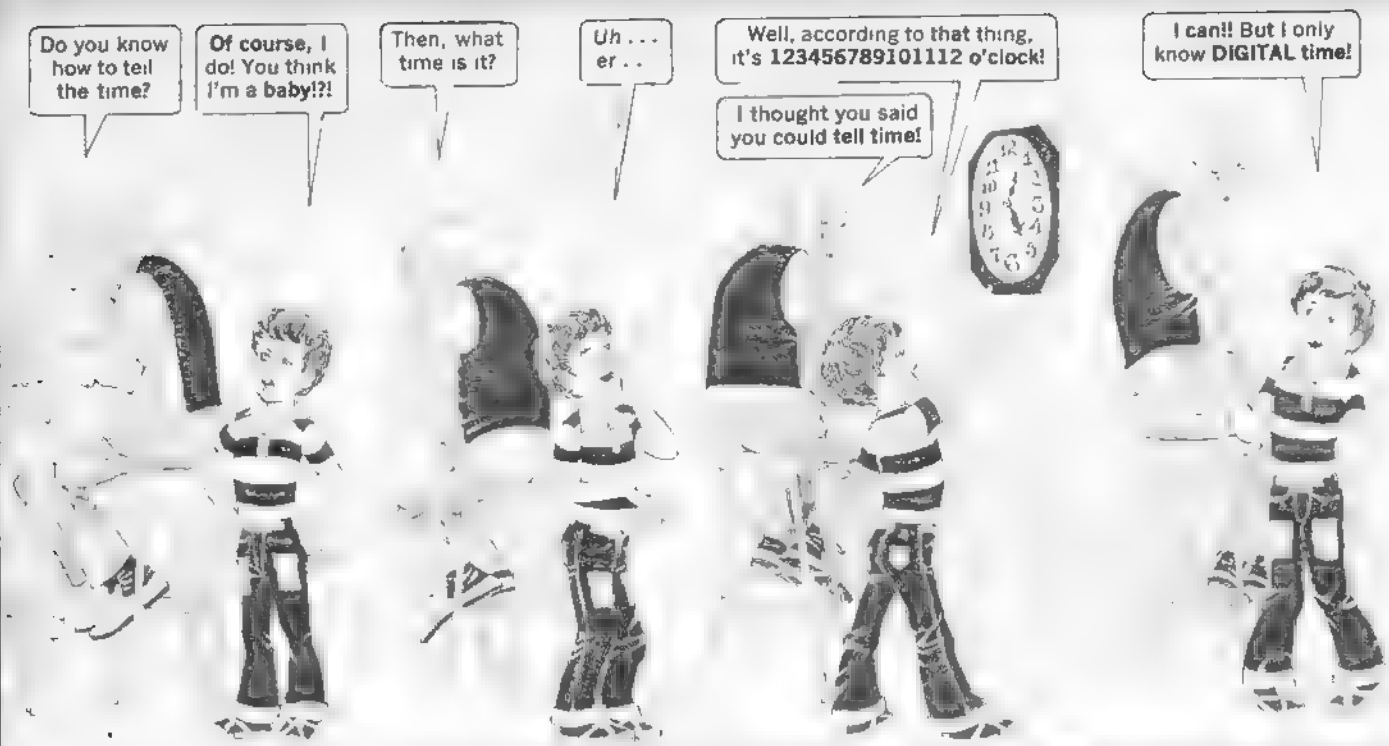
. . . you're stuck in a lousy apartment, and you never even committed a crime!

HOW COME YOU WORRY ABOUT...

. . . unemployment, the recession, the state of our union and the world . . .

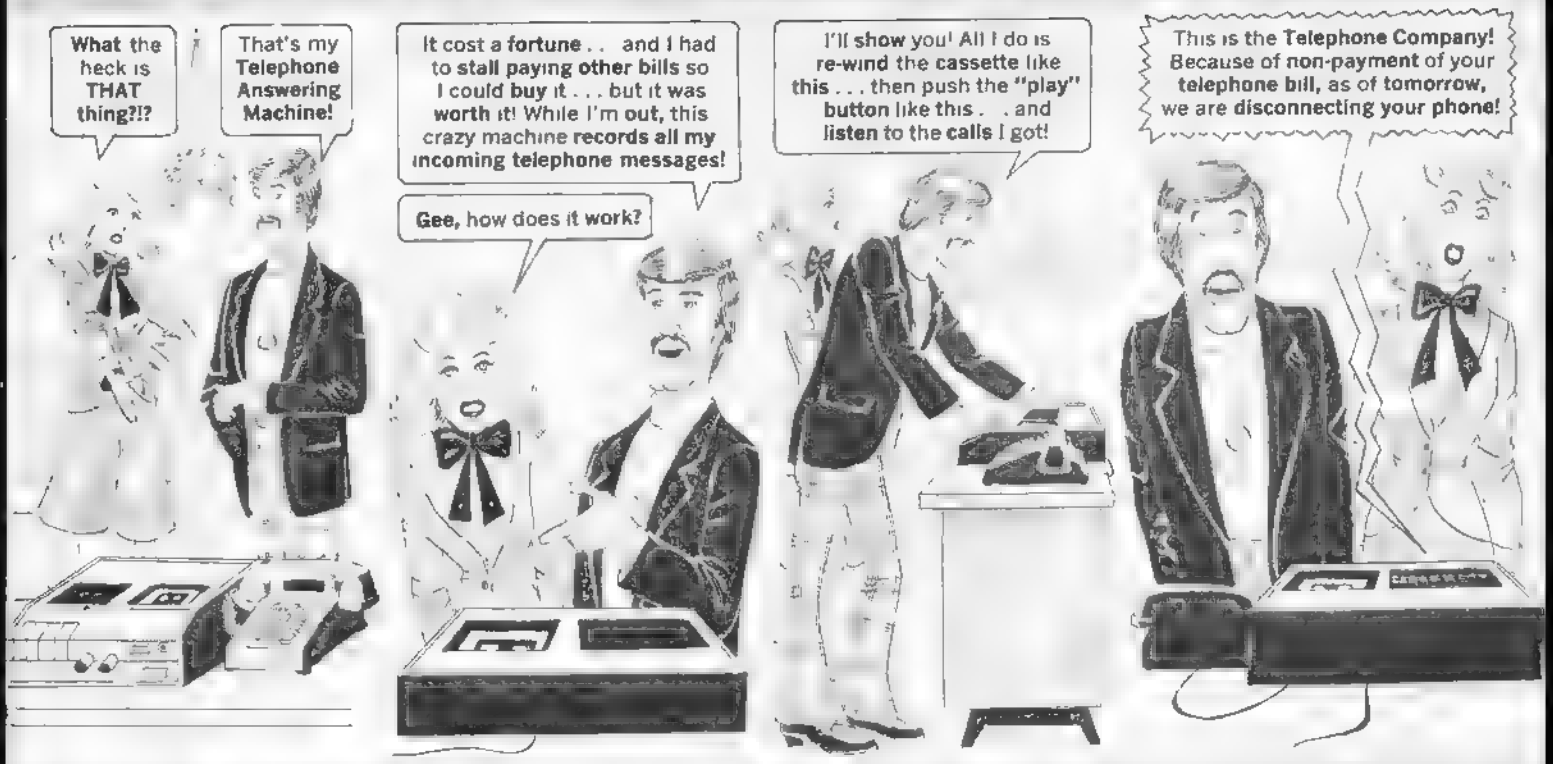
WHEN...

. . . you never even bothered to vote in the last three Presidential elections!



BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT.

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... GAD



GETS

WRITER & ARTIST · DAVID BERG

What's going on here? First, you bought a stereo receiver and two loudspeakers! Then, you added a record player! Then, you added a reel-to-reel tape recorder! Then, you added an 8-Track, a cassette player and two more loudspeakers! When will it end?!

You see the back of this receiver . . . where there are a bunch of plug holes for various component parts?

Right . . .

It'll end when I run out of plug holes!

Here we are, both finished with our day's fishing . . . and all I have to do is take this compact fishing gadget, fold it up, and stick it into my pocket . . .

. . . while you're loaded down, carrying that big clumsy rod, that heavy reel, a tackle box full of hooks and flies . . .

. . . a gaff, a net and all that foul-weather gear!

You're right! I am loaded down, carrying all this stuff!

Especially with this big pail of FISH!!

Arnold, baby, you look like you've got the weight of the whole world on your shoulders! Why the hangdog expression? What's eating you, anyway?

I've got troubles! Big troubles! I'm terribly worried about my Wife!!

Your WIFE!? Oh, my Lord!!

But, she's so young! The last time I saw her, she seemed so robust—so healthy! Tell me, Buddy-boy, what has she got?!

My brand new $14,000 car!

The Electrolux vacuum cleaner doesn't just clean rugs! It does other things as well!

Really? I didn't know that!!

Let me demonstrate! It has various attachments that also clean your walls, your drapes, your Venetian blinds, your mattresses, your upholstery, and under your sofa!

Oh . . . how marvelous!!

What in heck is your Mother doing? She already owns an Electrolux vacuum cleaner!

I know . . .

. . . but she didn't feel like cleaning the house today!!

I've got a gadget at home that says terrible things to me every day!

You have a gadget that talks to you!?!

Not exactly! It communicates in a very clear and insulting manner!

Oh, wow! And what does it communicate?

It tells me I'm ugly, that I lack self-control, and that no fella will ever want me!

Gee . . . ! what kind of a gadget is that?

A SCALE!!

Sir, I've got a letter from a woman who says she bought one of our appliances back in 1952! She says she's still using it today! What's more, it has never needed a single repair!

That's remarkable!

I want you to write to that woman and offer her five hun– . . . no, make that a thousand dollars for that appliance!

Yes, sir . . .

And when you get it, have Engineering strip it down and examine it thoroughly! Have them find out exactly what made it last so long!

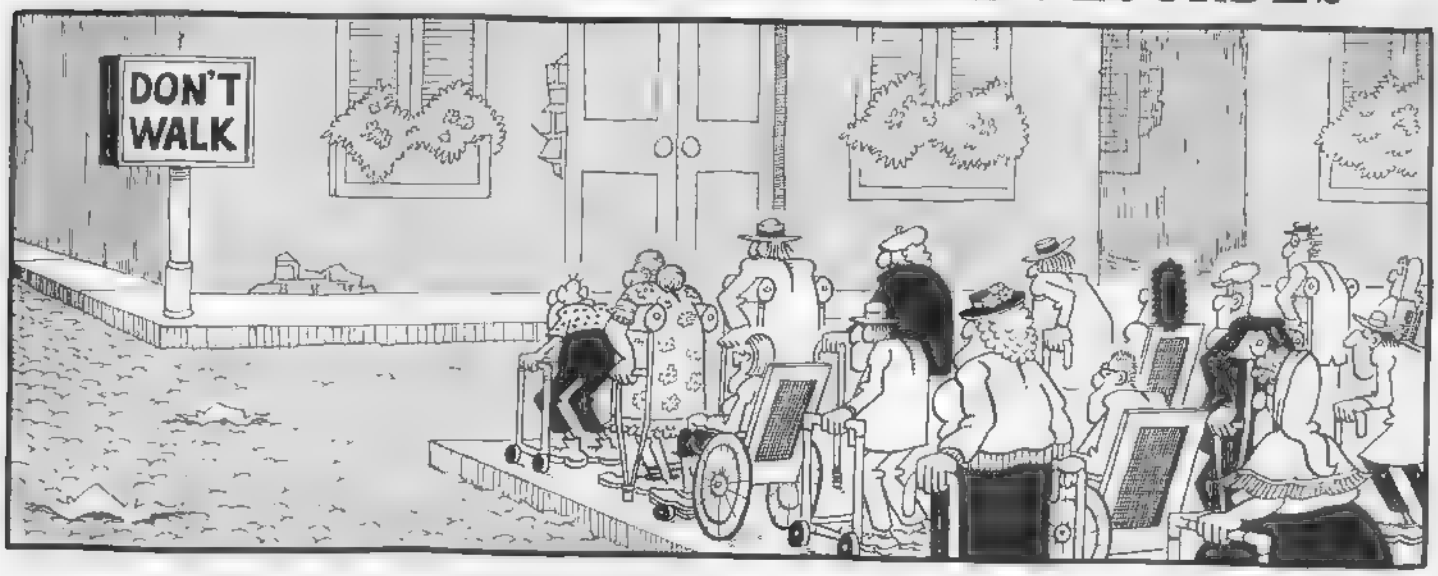
Yes, sir! It could revolutionize the whole industry!

Right! And we don't want to make that same mistake again!

The Remote Control for the TV isn't working!
Le'me have it!
Oh-oh! Mr. All-Thumbs is gonna fool around with a complicated electronic gadget! God knows what will happen now!
I'll thank you not to underestimate my fantastic technological capabilities! Here! Try it!
It's STILL not working!
Oh, yes it is!!
The GARAGE DOOR just opened!
The President asked us to conserve fuel . . . right?
Right!
He asked us not to let the room temperature go over 68°, right?
Right!
Well, it's now 73°! How do I lower the room temperature?
Simple . . .
Turn on the air conditioner!
Hey . . . you dudes out there! You better get it together! You're polluting the Earth with all your cars, and the power plants you need to run all your gadgets, your gismos and your doohickeys!
Pretty soon, you don't own them things! They own YOU!! And all them smoke-belchin' Electric Companies own your soul!
Me? I don't need any of them things! All I need is my li'l ol' guitar . . .
. . . an' a socket to plug it into!

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART II

ONE AFTERNOON IN DOWNTOWN LOURDES



SIC TRANSIT GLORIOUSLY DEPT.

Nowadays, Travel Agencies are packaging all kinds of tours for all kinds of people with all kinds of special interests, all designed to help them relax, leave their tensions behind and have a good time. But that doesn't make any sense. People work hard their whole lives developing their tensions, mainly in the form of their neuroses! Why should they want to give them up? The truth is...most people prefer to carry their neuroses with them! So why not design tours specifically for them? Here we go again with another of

THE MAD TRAVEL AGENCY'S SPECIALIZED TOURS FOR YOU AND YOUR NEUROSIS

THIS ISSUE: THE PARANOIAC'S SEVEN DAY TOUR OF JAPAN

ARTIST: HARRY NORTH, ESQ.
WRITER: STAN HART

DAY 1

You leave N.Y. on Japan Airlines. The crew looks exactly like the Lead Squadron in "Tora, Tora, Tora." During the flight, you have time to ponder what you should do if they fly over Pearl Harbor: Should you create a diversion in the cabin so they won't be able to drop their bomb-load? Or should you just pretend you don't know they're doing it, and stay out of trouble? The charming Hostesses all speak Japanese, and you know they're talking about you! You can check if your fly is open or, worse yet, wonder if you've caused an international incident in this age of atomic warfare. You will cross the International Date Line and feel cheated because you've lost a day and you think they're trying to screw you by giving you a 6-day tour instead of the 7 days you paid for.

DAY 2

You land in Tokyo, and as you go through Immigration, you wonder if they know that you earned a citation for collecting scrap metal for the U.S. war effort in 1943. You're sure that they have your photo in your Boy Scout uniform plastered all over Japan as an enemy of the State. After leaving Immigration (you should be so lucky!), a chauffeur will take your bags, put them in a limousine and probably speed off—leaving you standing on a sidewalk of a city where no one speaks your language (or at least *pretends* not to speak your language!). You'll probably report this incident to the Police who will most likely push bamboo shoots under your fingernails to make you confess about your wartime scrap metal citation. You'll be determined to tell them nothing, no matter how excrutiating the pain.

DAY 3

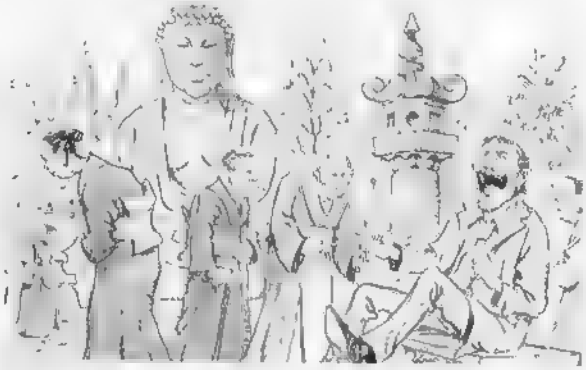
After an early breakfast at your hotel (which you probably won't eat because you're afraid the Japanese are trying to poison you, stopping at nothing to avenge their national honor upon an enemy war hero!), you'll be taken by bus on a sightseeing tour of Tokyo (that's what they want you to think!). Since you can't read the street signs (They've planned it that way in preparation for your visit!), you're sure the bus is taking you to a Concentration Camp. On the way to your incarceration, you'll visit the Imperial Palace (just so the Emperor can chuckle over your capture); the Asakusa Kannon Temple (which you know is a phony since no one here even remotely looks Jewish); and the crowded main avenue, the Ginza (where, upon a secret signal, hordes of little Japanese are ready to spring upon you and tear you to pieces).

DAY 4 & 5

You fly to Kamakura in a small plane, and you're certain the pilot is a former Kamikaze who didn't get it right until today. But the plane arrives safely and you are taken by car to the Diabutsu, the great Bronze Buddha. Since you couldn't care less about religious statues, you wonder why you're here ... until it dawns on you that the Japanese are probably reviving their ancient practice of human sacrifice, and what better offer to the gods than a decorated American war hero! But it seems they just want to toy with you, because they permit you to escape to the Fuji Hotel where you spend a restless night staring out of the window of your room at Mt. Fujiyama and realizing that you are now in the direct path of a probable eruption, and that their real plan is to report your death as an accident.

DAY 6

After breakfast, which surely contained some mind-altering drug, you board "The Bullet" for the 120-mile-an-hour trip to Kyoto by rail, and you become aware that they plan to dump your lifeless body from the speeding train. In Kyoto, you will be taken to the Heian Shrine with its huge gardens.



There, while strolling, you're sure a group of fanatic former Japanese soldiers will pounce upon you and sell you as a slave to some merciless faggot warlord who will delight in visiting all sorts of humiliations upon one of America's great fighting machines. But the plot obviously misfires, and the only ones in the park are old ladies. That night, in your hotel, you go to bed and enjoy your first good night's sleep (despite the poisoned pillow).

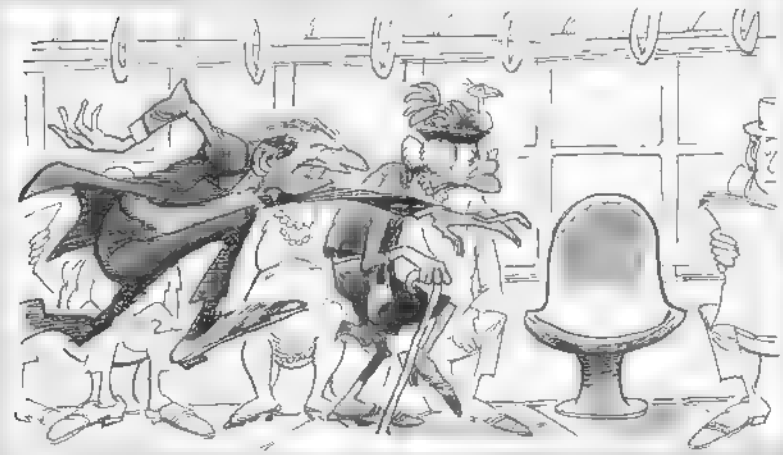
DAY 7

From the Kyoto Airport, where the Japanese officials treat you with respect, silently admitting that they have again been defeated by American courage and "know-how", you fly home on an American plane. During the 18-hour flight back, you have plenty of time to start worrying again, this time about the *American* Officials. Because, although you brought your cameras from home, they were all made in Japan. The U.S. Customs Inspectors, you're sure, will never believe you (How soon they forget their National Idols!), and you'll either have to pay duty on your own cameras, or more probably be jailed as a smuggler ... another part of the international plot to get you.

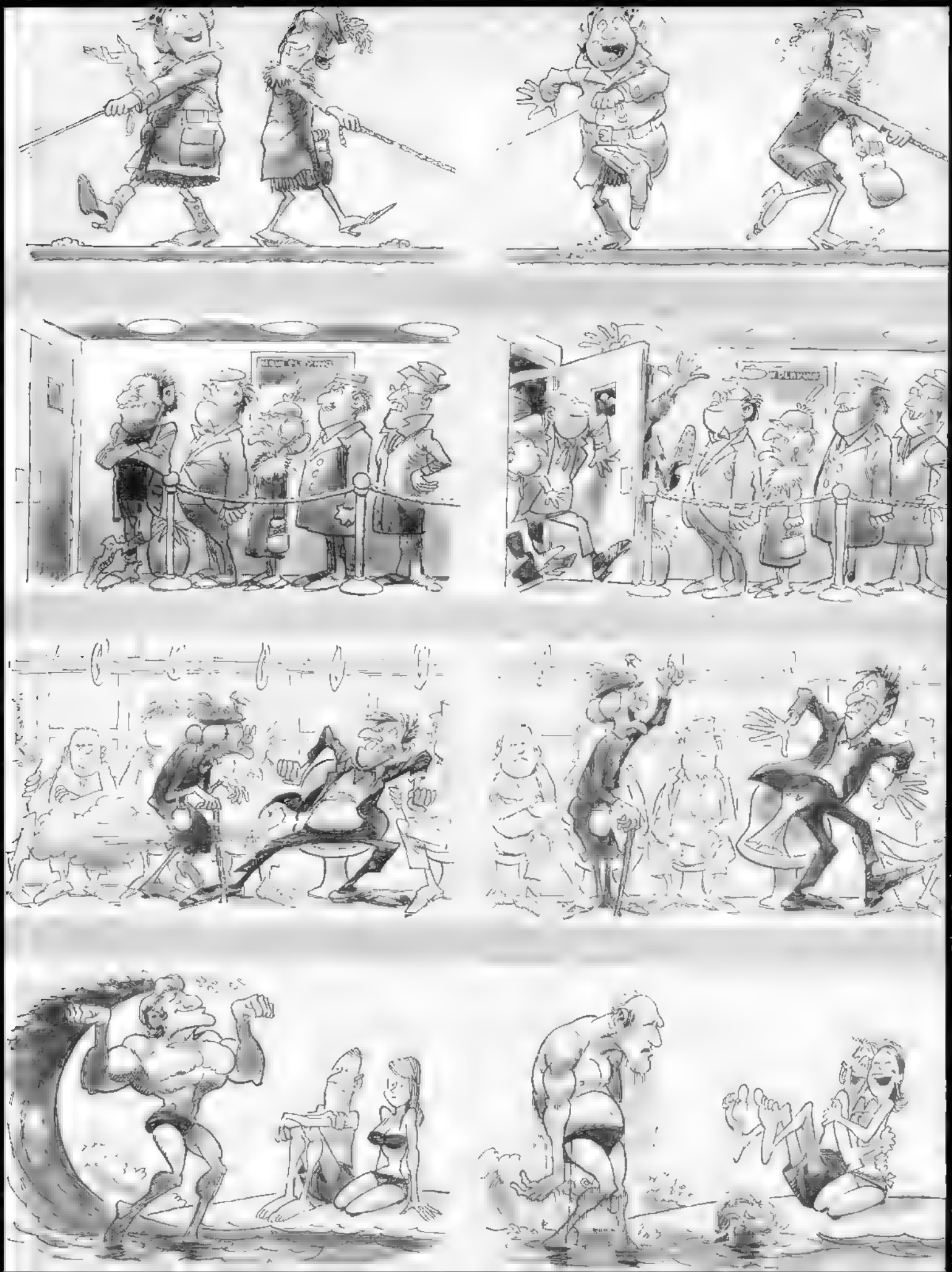
NEXT: A 7-DAY TOUR OF ISRAEL FOR THE GUILT-RIDDEN

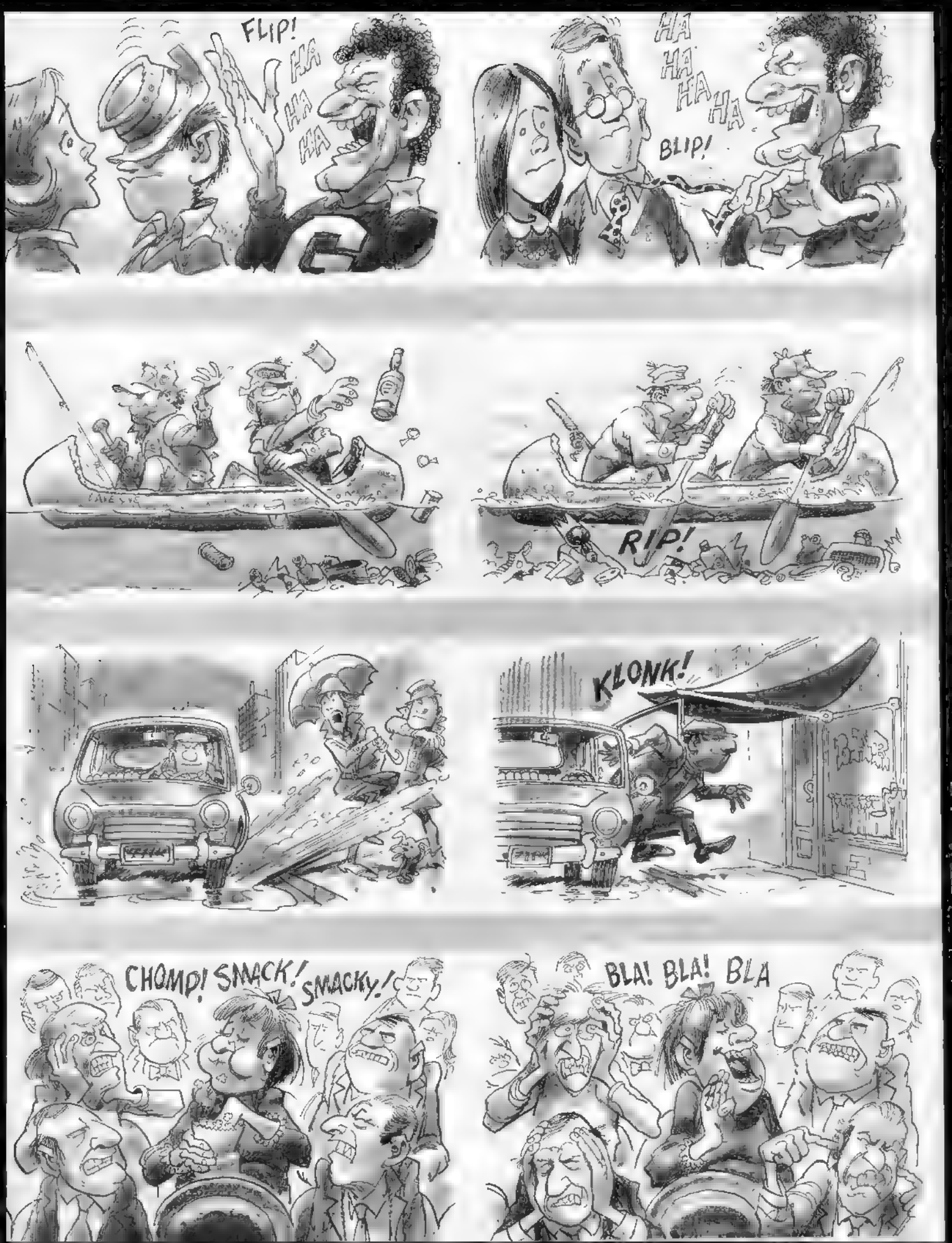
REVENGE IS MIME DEPT.

ZAPPY ENDINGS WE'D LIKE TO SEE



ARTIST: JACK DAVIS
WRITER: PAUL PETER PORGES




FLIP!
HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA
BLIP!
RIP!
KLONK!
CHOMP! SMACK! SMACKY!
BLA! BLA! BLA

HA HA HA HA
HA HA HA

SWOOSH!

GULP!

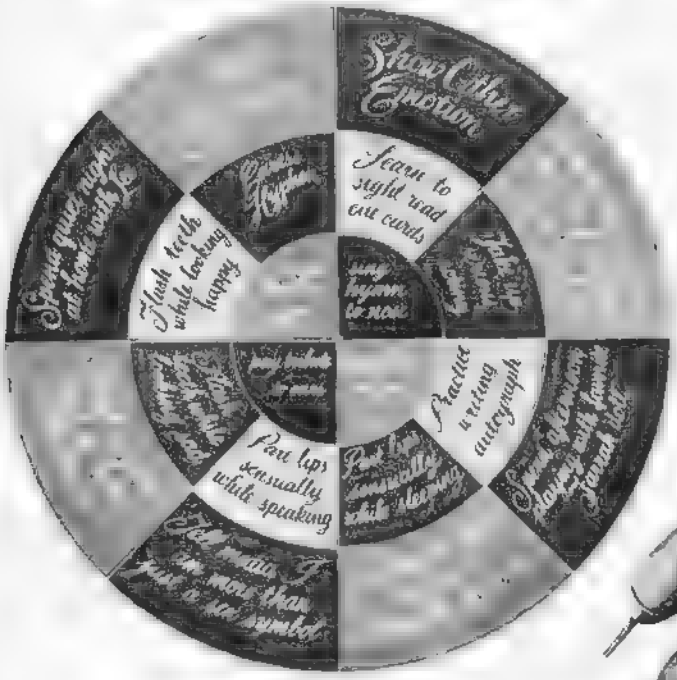
WHAT'S IN AN AIM? DEPT.

It's not easy making big decisions. Some people flip a coin. Other people consult the I Ching. There are even a few idiots who ask for the advice of experts, weigh merits and look into their own experience. Today the "In" method is throwing darts at a dartboard. Where the dart lands

DECISION-MAKING D

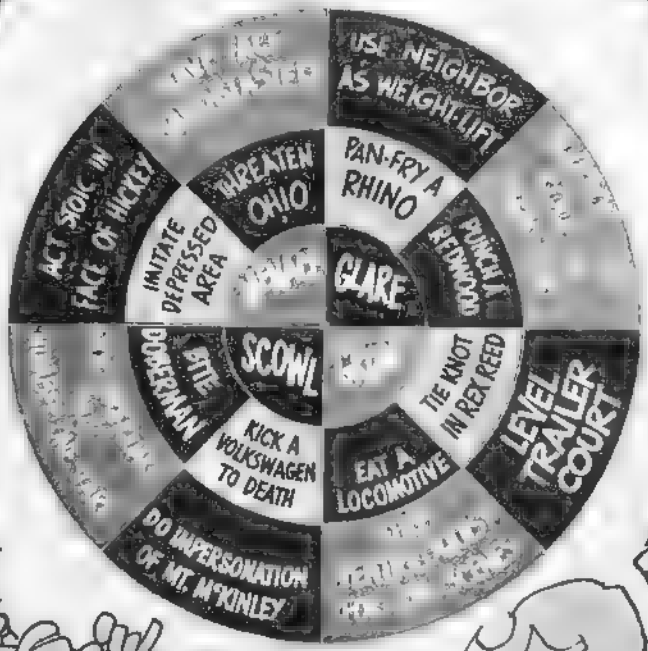
ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

FARRAH FAWCETT-MAJORS

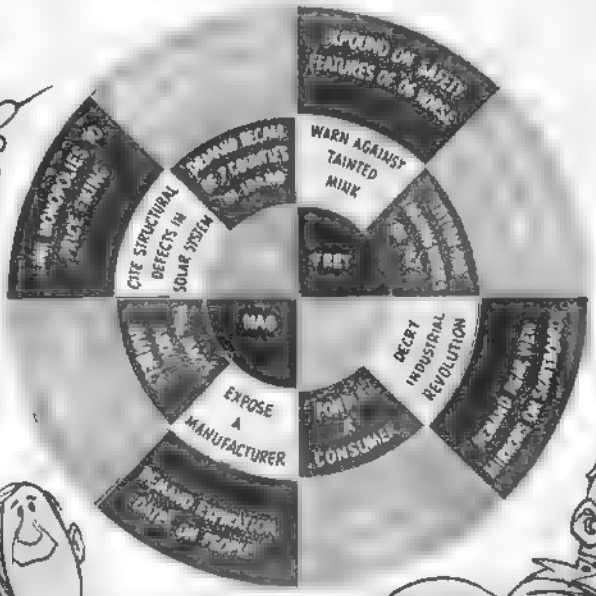


IDI AMIN

CHARLES BRONSON



RALPH NADER

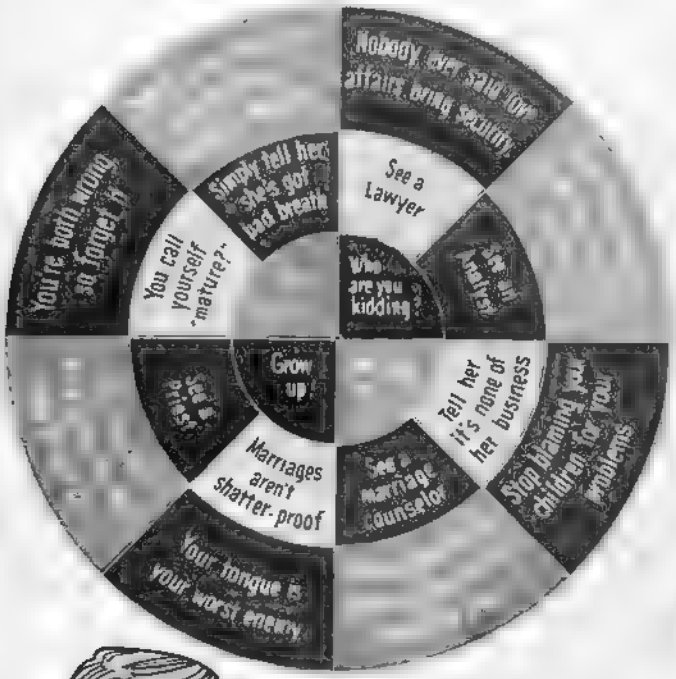


tells the person whether or not he should buy a new car, or carry out the garbage, or finish reading this ridiculous, time wasting article. Celebrities are no different. They, too, have their important decisions to make, and to help them in their hour of need we now present these

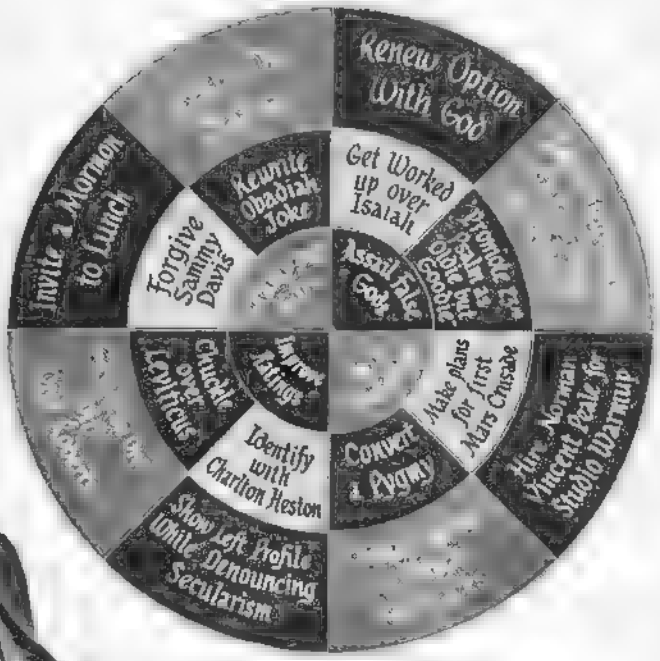
ART BOARDS FOR CELEBRITIES

WRITERS: FRANK JACOBS AND WILLIAM MCCOLE

ANN LANDERS

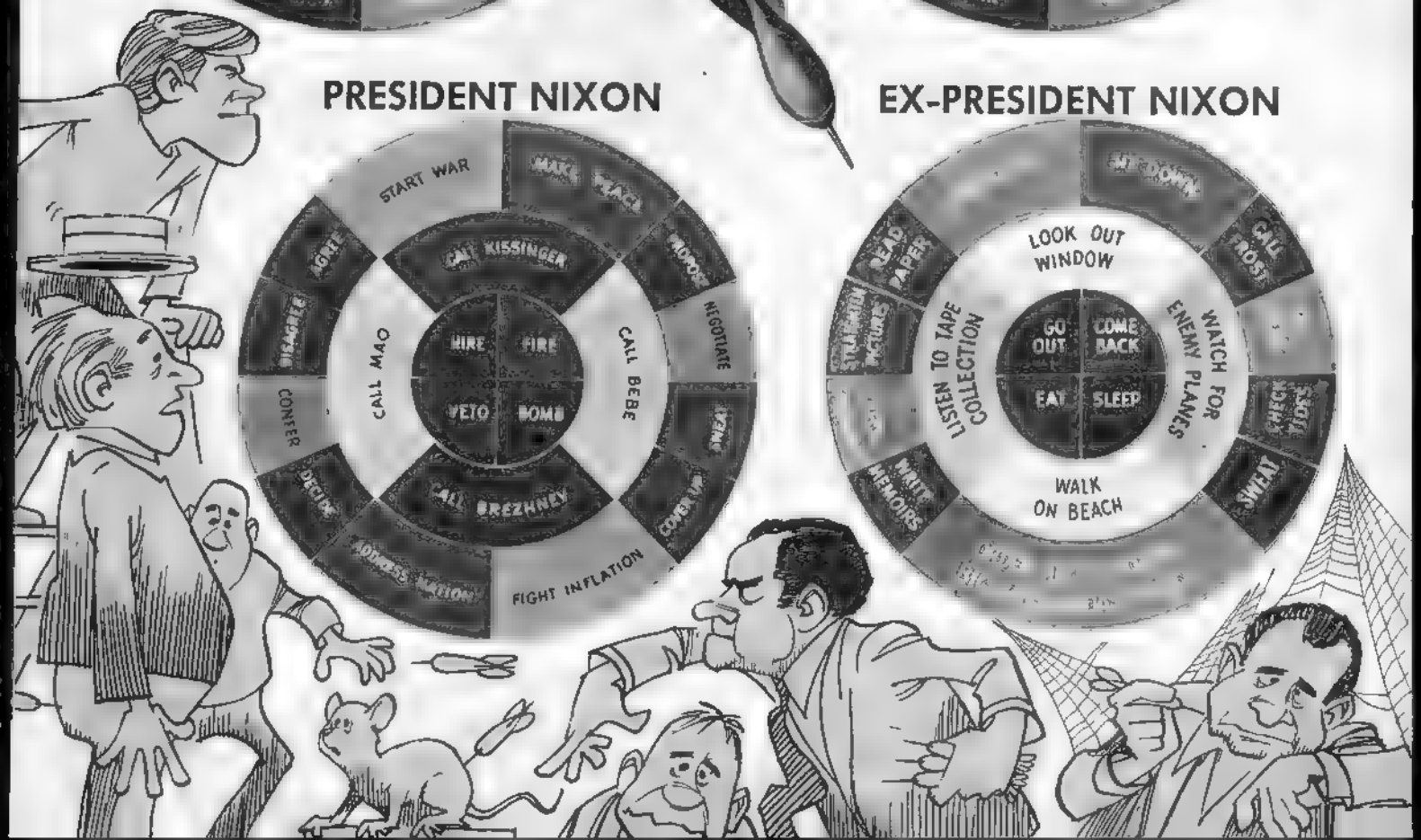


BILLY GRAHAM

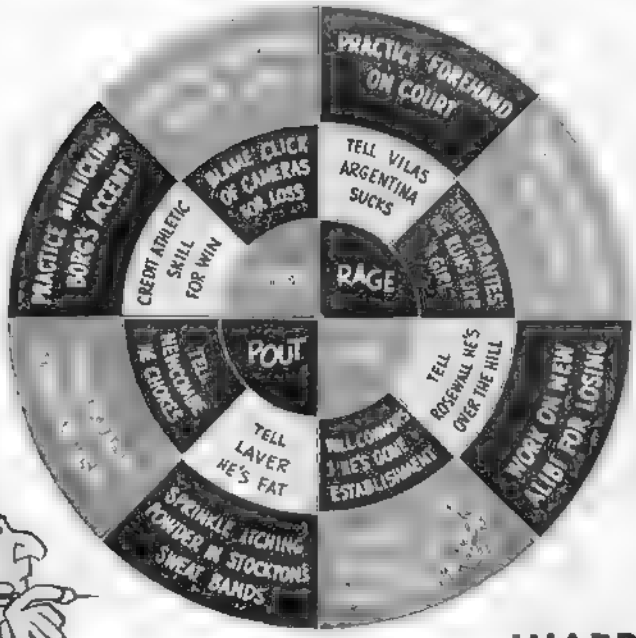


PRESIDENT NIXON

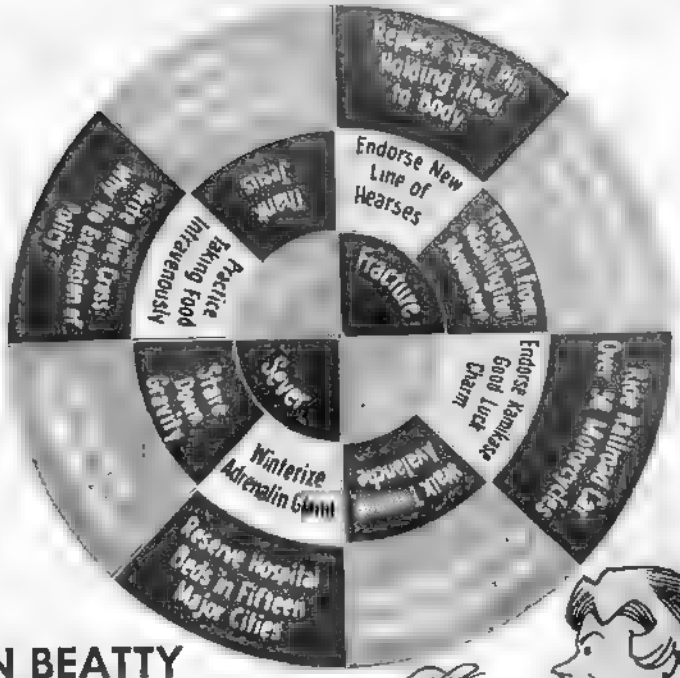
EX-PRESIDENT NIXON



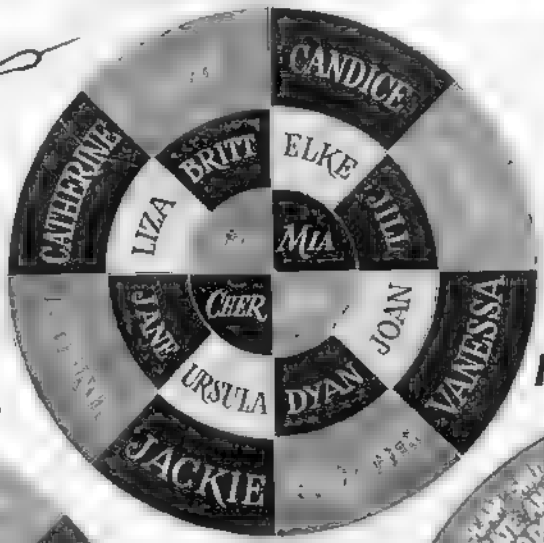
ILIE NASTASE



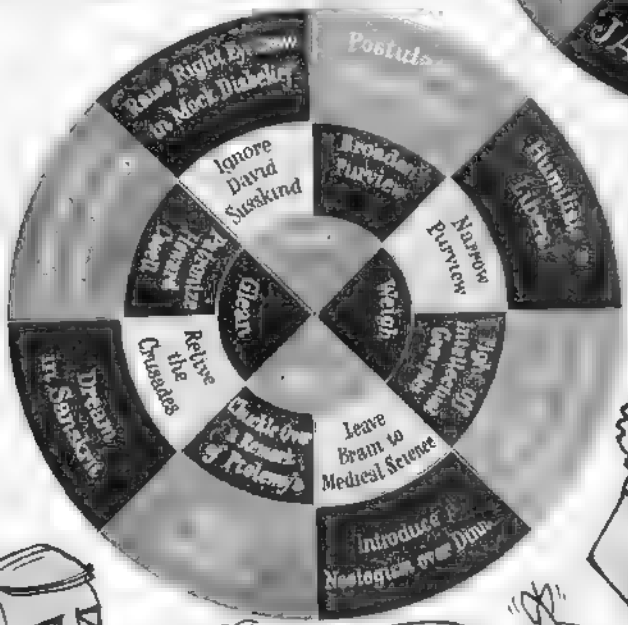
EVEL KNIEVEL



WARREN BEATTY



WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.



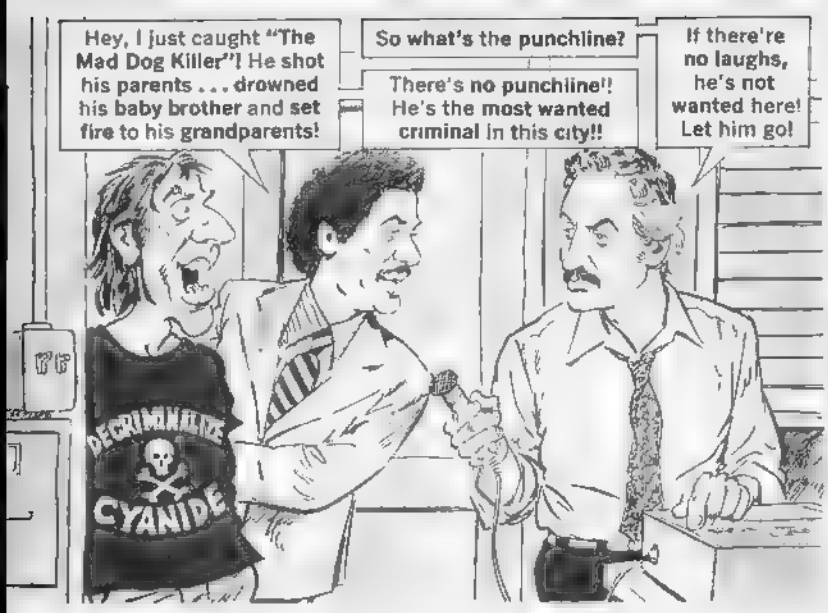
MUHAMMAD ALI

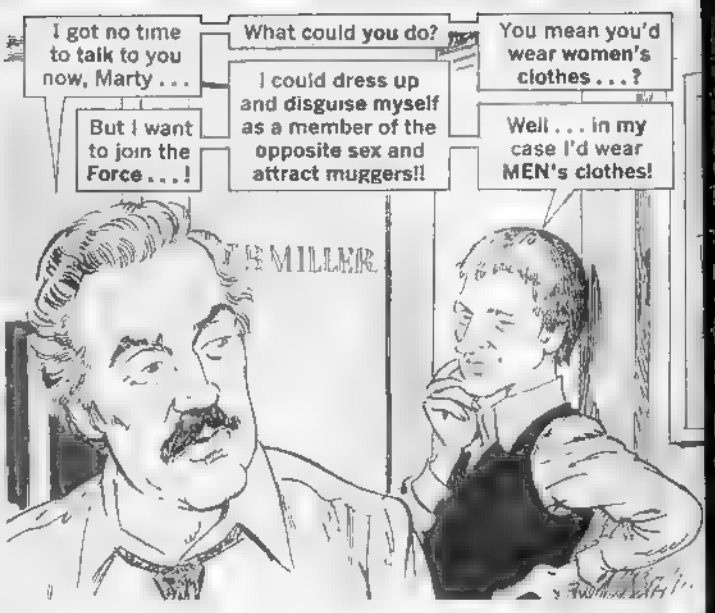
FROM BADGE TO WORSE DEPT.

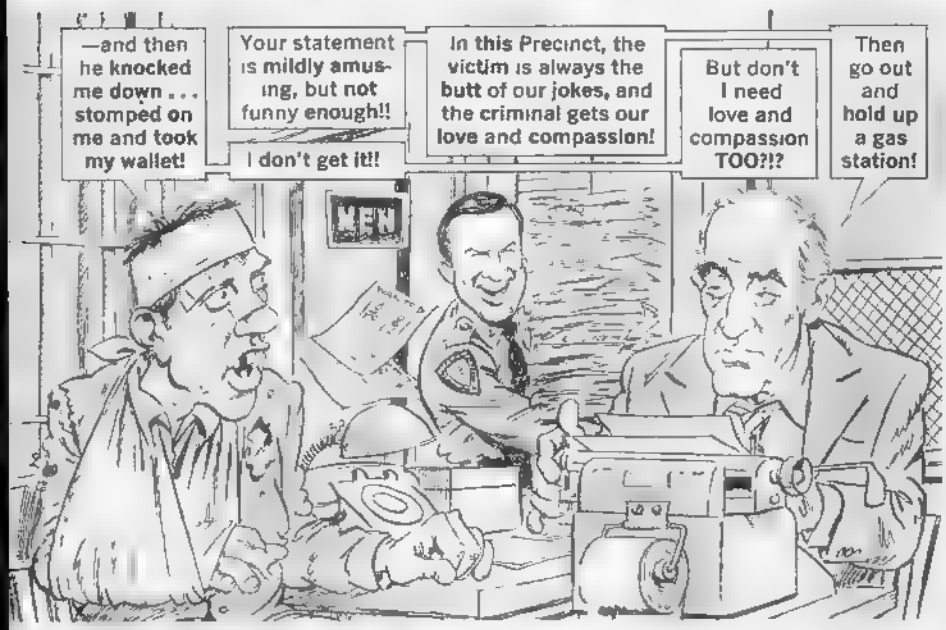
New York has been called "Fun City"...but not by anyone who lives there! That's propaganda for the tourists. However, someone must have been taken in by all that nonsense, because there's actually a TV Show that's about New York City Policemen who have a wild, fun time each week. The leader of this gang of chuckleheads is named Barney Miller. But after seeing several episodes of this totally unbelievable series, we prefer to call it:

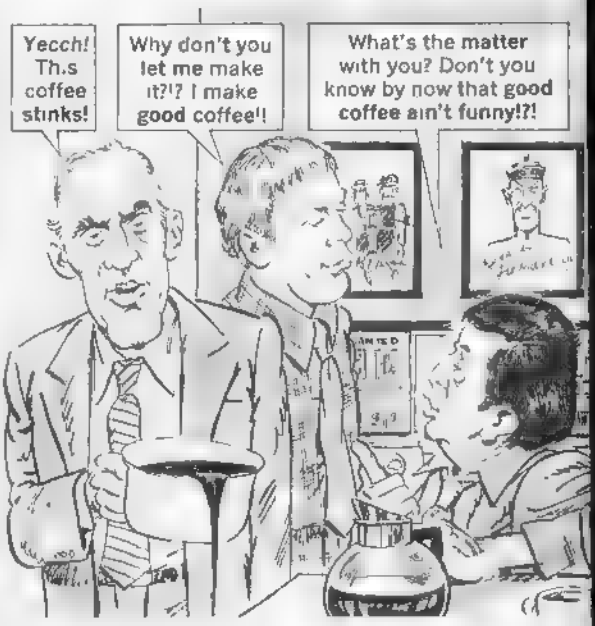
BLARNEY MILLER

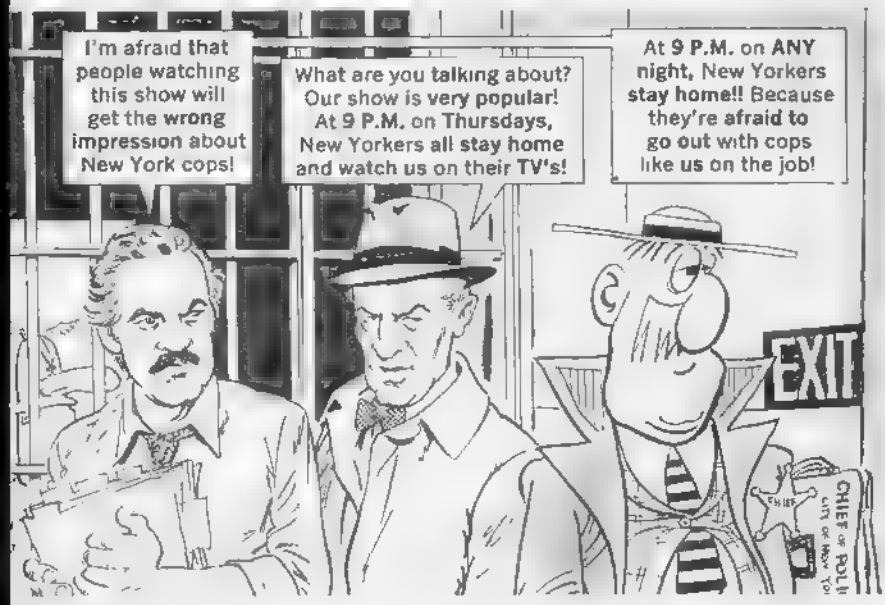
ARTIST: ANGELO TORRES WRITER: STAN HART

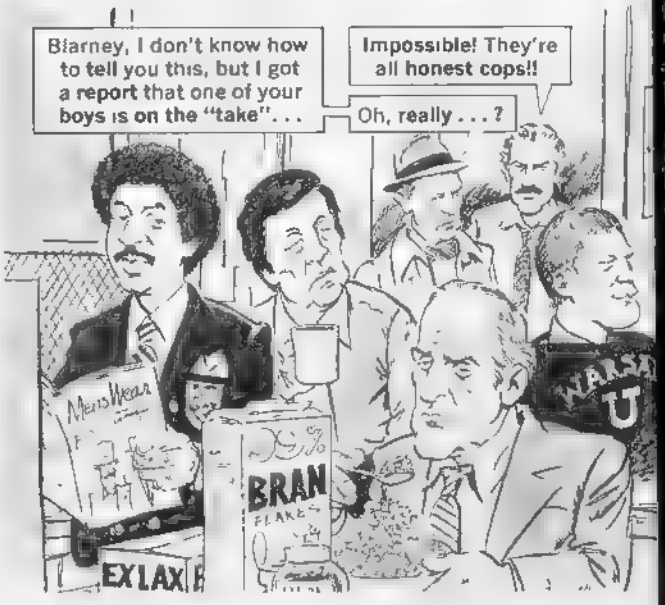

Hey, I just caught "The Mad Dog Killer"! He shot his parents . . . drowned his baby brother and set fire to his grandparents!
So what's the punchline?
There's no punchline!! He's the most wanted criminal in this city!!
If there're no laughs, he's not wanted here! Let him go!
DECRIMINALIZE
CYANIDE

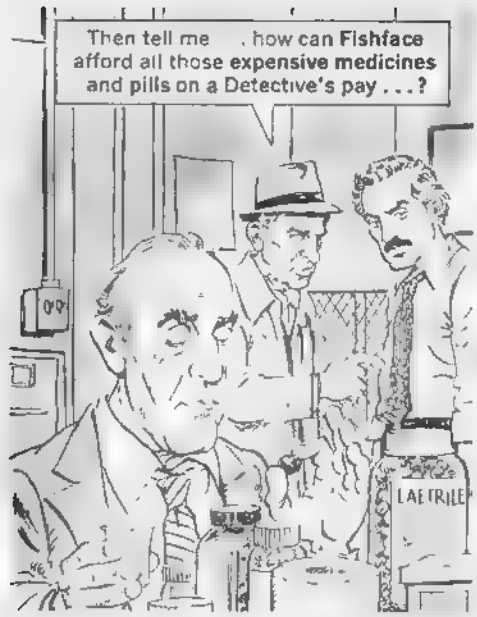

I got no time to talk to you now, Marty . . .
But I want to join the Force . . . !
What could you do?
I could dress up and disguise myself as a member of the opposite sex and attract muggers!!
You mean you'd wear women's clothes . . . ?
Well . . . in my case I'd wear MEN's clothes!
MILLER

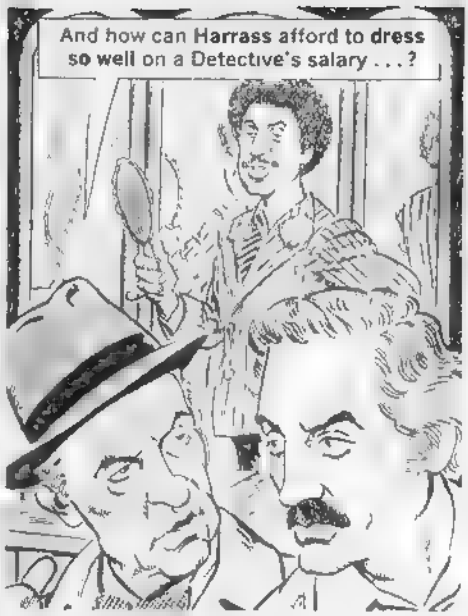

—and then he knocked me down . . . stomped on me and took my wallet!
Your statement is mildly amusing, but not funny enough!!
I don't get it!!
In this Precinct, the victim is always the butt of our jokes, and the criminal gets our love and compassion!
But don't I need love and compassion TOO?!?
Then go out and hold up a gas station!
MEN

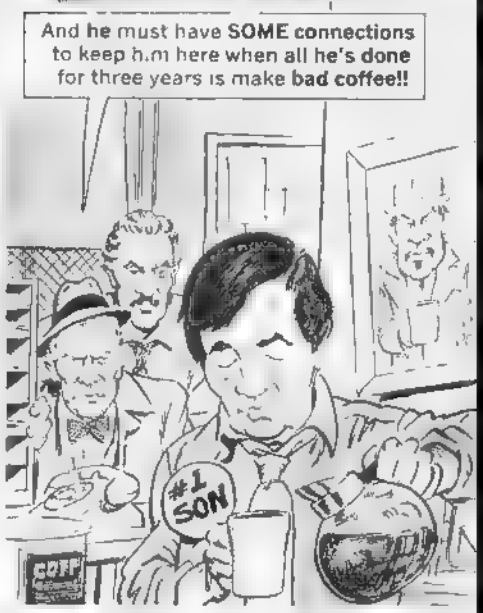

Yecch! This coffee stinks!
Why don't you let me make it?!? I make good coffee!!
What's the matter with you? Don't you know by now that good coffee ain't funny!?!

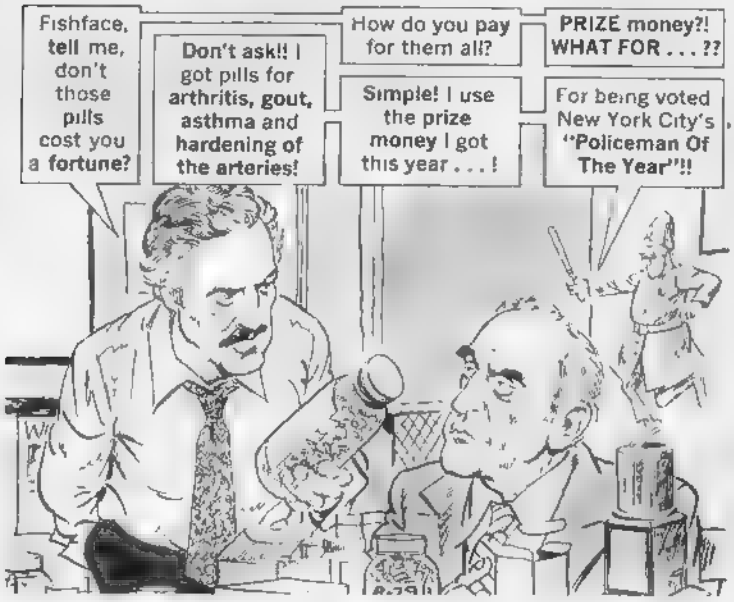

I'm afraid that people watching this show will get the wrong impression about New York cops!
What are you talking about? Our show is very popular! At 9 P.M. on Thursdays, New Yorkers all stay home and watch us on their TV's!
At 9 P.M. on ANY night, New Yorkers stay home!! Because they're afraid to go out with cops like us on the job!
EXIT


Blarney, I don't know how to tell you this, but I got a report that one of your boys is on the "take" . . .
Impossible! They're all honest cops!!
Oh, really . . . ?
BRAN
EX LAX

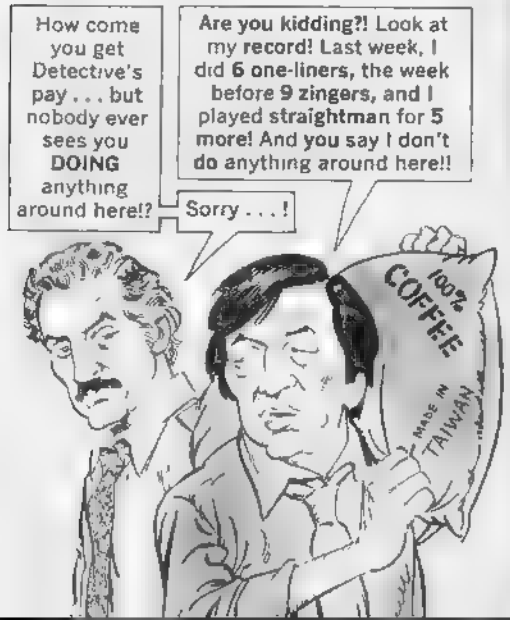

Then tell me . how can Fishface afford all those expensive medicines and pills on a Detective's pay . . . ?
LAETRILE


And how can Harrass afford to dress so well on a Detective's salary . . . ?

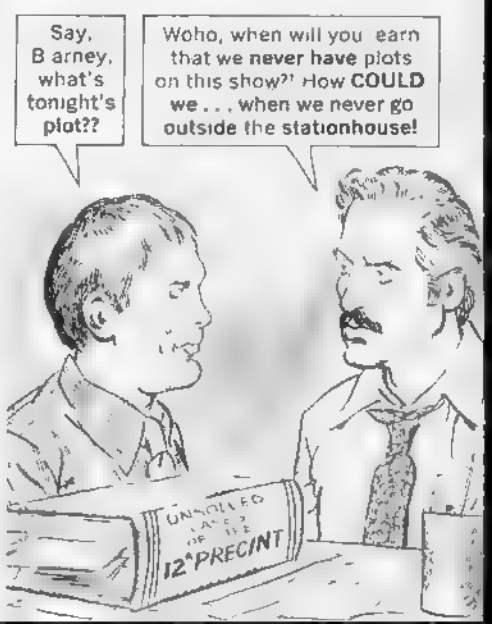

And he must have SOME connections to keep him here when all he's done for three years is make bad coffee!!
#1 SON


Fishface, tell me, don't those pills cost you a fortune?
Don't ask!! I got pills for arthritis, gout, asthma and hardening of the arteries!
How do you pay for them all?
Simple! I use the prize money I got this year . . . !
PRIZE money?! WHAT FOR . . . ??
For being voted New York City's "Policeman Of The Year"!!

Harrass, how can you afford to buy such expensive suits?
I don't buy them! My mother KNITS them for me!
Oh? How about your expensive new sports car??
She knitted that for me, too . . . out of steel wool!
Well, you're in the c ear!


How come you get Detective's pay . . . but nobody ever sees you DOING anything around here!?
Sorry . . . !
Are you kidding?! Look at my record! Last week, I did 6 one-liners, the week before 9 zingers, and I played straightman for 5 more! And you say I don't do anything around here!!
100% COFFEE
MADE IN TAIWAN

All my men are clean! No one is on the "take"!
Then this isn't a Sit-Com about New York City cops!
No? What is it??
It's a Science Fiction FANTASY!


Say, B arney, what's tonight's plot??
Woho, when will you earn that we never have plots on this show?! How COULD we . . . when we never go outside the stationhouse!
12th PRECINT

Gee . . . Fishface, I wish we could go on location sometimes!

Forget it . . .!

But other Cop Shows do! Look at *Kojak* . . . or *Starsky & Hutch*!

That's because they're "Action Shows" and this one's a "Comedy"!

How can you tell?

I saw it listed in "TV Guide"!

I'm a menace to society, and a menace to myself! My life is a shambles! I can't do ANYTHING right! Arrest me, please!

Take it easy! Why do you want us to arrest you??

I'm a flasher!

But . . . you're fully dressed!

See?! I can't even do THAT right!!!

Okay! This guy's funny enough to get arrested!! Woho . . . book him!!

He forced his way into my house, threw me down on the floor and tried to sexually assault me . . .!

It's not true! She's lying!!

Let me handle this! First, we'll get her statement! Tell us what happened, Ma'am!

MEN

I'm so upset, I don't know where to start!

In this Precinct, there's only one way to start . . .

. . and that is: "A funny thing happened to me on the way to the kitchen . . ."

You think rape is something to laugh about?!

Sure! See, in addition to this show having all stereotypes, we're also all very SEXIST!!

What say we give him the famous 12th Precinct third degree?

Yeah! Show him no mercy!

Stop! Stop! I confess! I attacked her! But she asked for it—getting me excited by running around her house naked!

You mean she didn't have any clothes on?

Not after I tore them off her!

TICKLE TICKLE

KITCHIE KITCHIE KOO

Attacking a poor defenseless woman! I'd like to see what would happen if you tried that on a man! Namely ME!!

What kind of protection can I get in New York? I'm a helpless, weak woman!

You need someone to take care of you! Wait! I got it! You should live with him!

Live with HIM . . .?!

Sure! On this show, we always try to bring the victims and the criminals together . . . so they can forgive and forget!

That's—that's idiotic!!

It's no more idiotic than in real life . . . where the JUDGES forgive and forget, and the criminals walk away SCOT-FREE!!

Listen, I want to join the Force and be a Policeman . . .!

Will you go away?! I'm tired!

Why are you so tired all the time?

From carrying these heavy bags around!

WHAT heavy bags?

The ones under my eyes!!

But I could be a good cop! I'm not sleepy like Yamaha! I'm always on my toes . . .!

Yeah . . . that's the problem!!

How come . . . with all the Irish and Italians on the New York City Police Force, we don't have a single one in this Precinct . . .?

Well . . . you know how we do things around here! We save the Irish and Italians for our occasional bad taste "drunk" and "Mafia" jokes!!

WANTED ALIVE

Blarney, I just caught him! I'm pretty sure that this guy murdered his wife in cold blood!

He smothered her with a cushion . . .!

It was a "WHOOPEE CUSHION"!

How did he do it?

So why bring him here . . .?

Okay . book him!!

What did you pick them up for?

Twenty bucks apiece! But like all Hookers on this show . . . they have hearts of gold!

Better read your anatomy books! Their HEARTS aren't where the GOLD is!!

Let's let 'em go!

No!! I HATE prostitutes!!

You should talk! You had a promising career on the Broadway Stage before you sold out and took this TV Series!

You're right! Let 'em go . . .!

Any luck on the "Decoy" detail?

I almost caught the "Central Park Mugger"!

Almost . . .?!

He was the only one who was kind . . . who didn't throw up when he saw me! I couldn't arrest him!!

So . . . what did you do?!

I made a date with him to shop for furniture!

AIR SICKNESS BAG

I just arrested this guy for "Disturbing The Peace"! He's the funniest nut we've had in a long time!

This city's being destroyed! The Bronx is burning! It's not safe to walk the streets! There is no money for Police and Sanitation services! We're all DOOMED!!

We're closing the schools and the hospitals! We're going down the drain . . . We're broke! Bankrupt!!

Man, he is a riot!

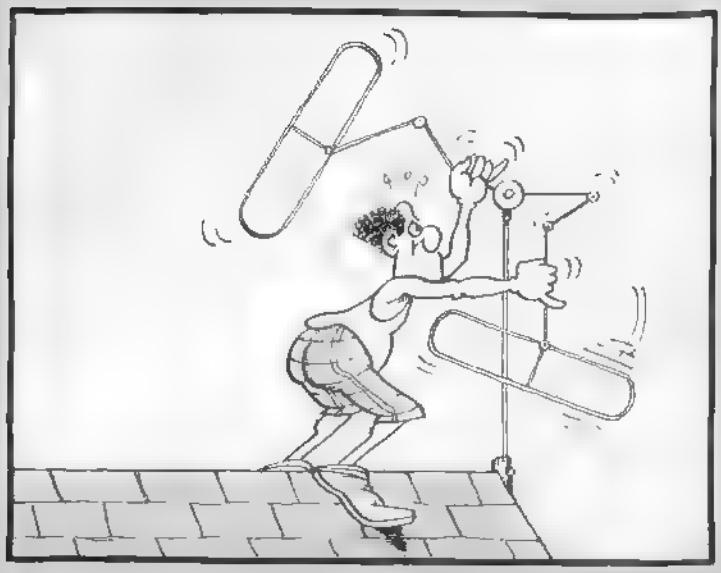
Yeah! who is he??

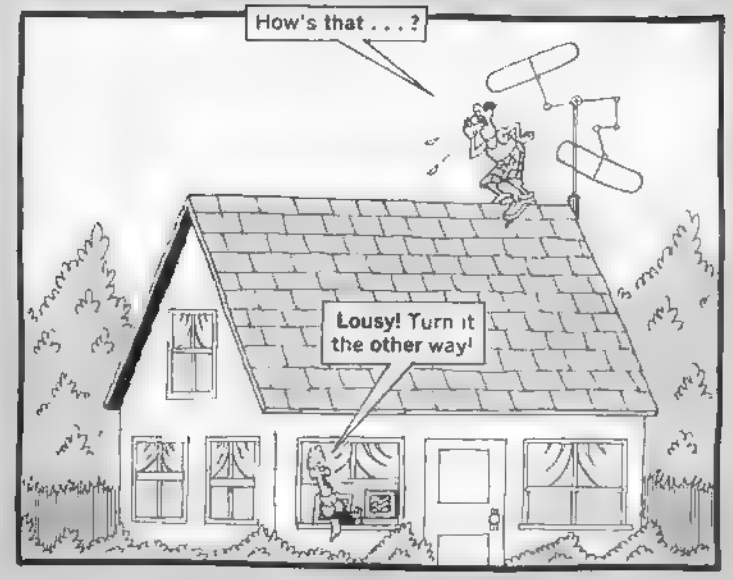
People can't afford to ride the subways any more! And if they do, they get killed by muggers! Industry is leaving en masse . . .

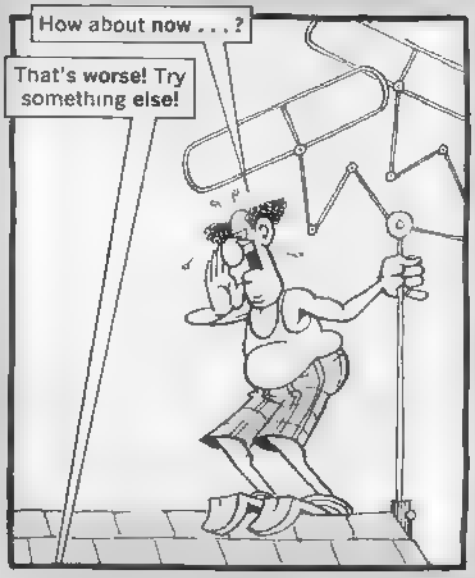
He's the Mayor of New York City!!

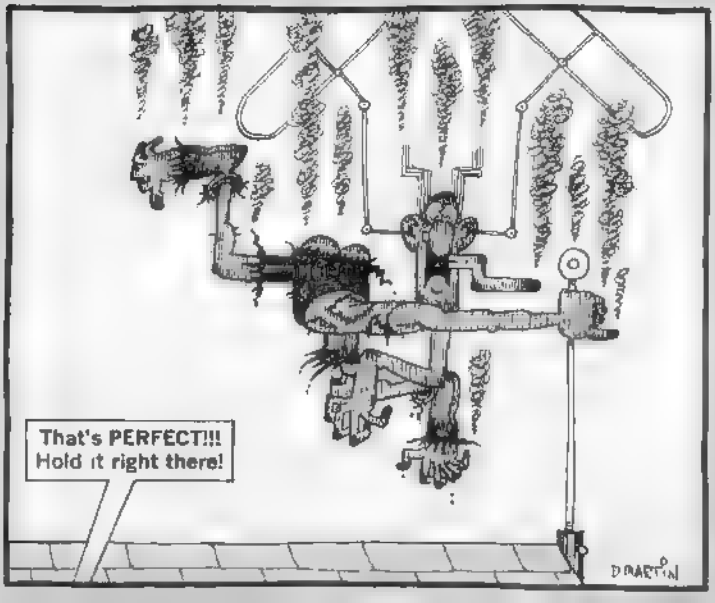
DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

ONE EVENING ON A ROOFTOP IN TEXAS









MAD WARRANTY

ISSUE NUMBER 195

MAD MAGAZINE, subject to the terms and conditions hereinbelow expressly set forth in paragraphs numbered "1" through "4", **HEREBY WARRANTS** that for a period of 2 (two) years from the date of original purchase at retail it will repair or replace any part of this magazine which proves defective by reason of faulty workmanship or labor, without charge for said parts or labor.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS

1. **Original Purchaser.** Warranty is limited to original purchaser of this issue. When requesting **WARRANTY SERVICE,** proof of purchase must be submitted in the form of a signed, hand-written letter from newsstand vendor on a 6¾ by 9⅞ fuscia index card, signed and stamped by a notary public, co-signed by the Attorney General of the U.S., and countersigned by no less than three (3) and no more than (5) relatives of the vendor over the age of twenty-one (21) and living at even-numbered addresses with odd-numbered Zip Codes in the city of purchase.

2. **Registration.** The attached **WARRANTY REGISTRATION CARD** must be mailed to MAD Magazine within 5 (five) minutes of the time of initial purchase.

3. **Proper Delivery.** Both proof of purchase and the **WARRANTY REGISTRATION CARD** must be sent by certified mail, postage prepaid, or delivered by hand by a bonded messenger who is 37 (thirty-seven) years of age, male, black-haired, weighing between 150 (one hundred and fifty) and 165 (one hundred and sixty-five) pounds, and who can recite, from memory and on command, the terms herein set forth in this **MAD WARRANTY,** from a squatting position.

4. **Unauthorized Repair, Abuse, etc.:** The "defective" issue must not have been previously altered, defaced, repaired, finger-marked, dog-eared or used to wrap fish by any person, group or mechanical device. Any evidence uncovered by MAD to the contrary will result in the immediate withdrawal of this **WARRANTY.**

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

Cut Here

MAD WARRANTY REGISTRATION CARD

MAD Magazine
485 MADison Avenue
New York, N.Y. 10022

I hereby demand that you repair ☐ replace ☐ my issue of MAD Magazine because of defects caused by:

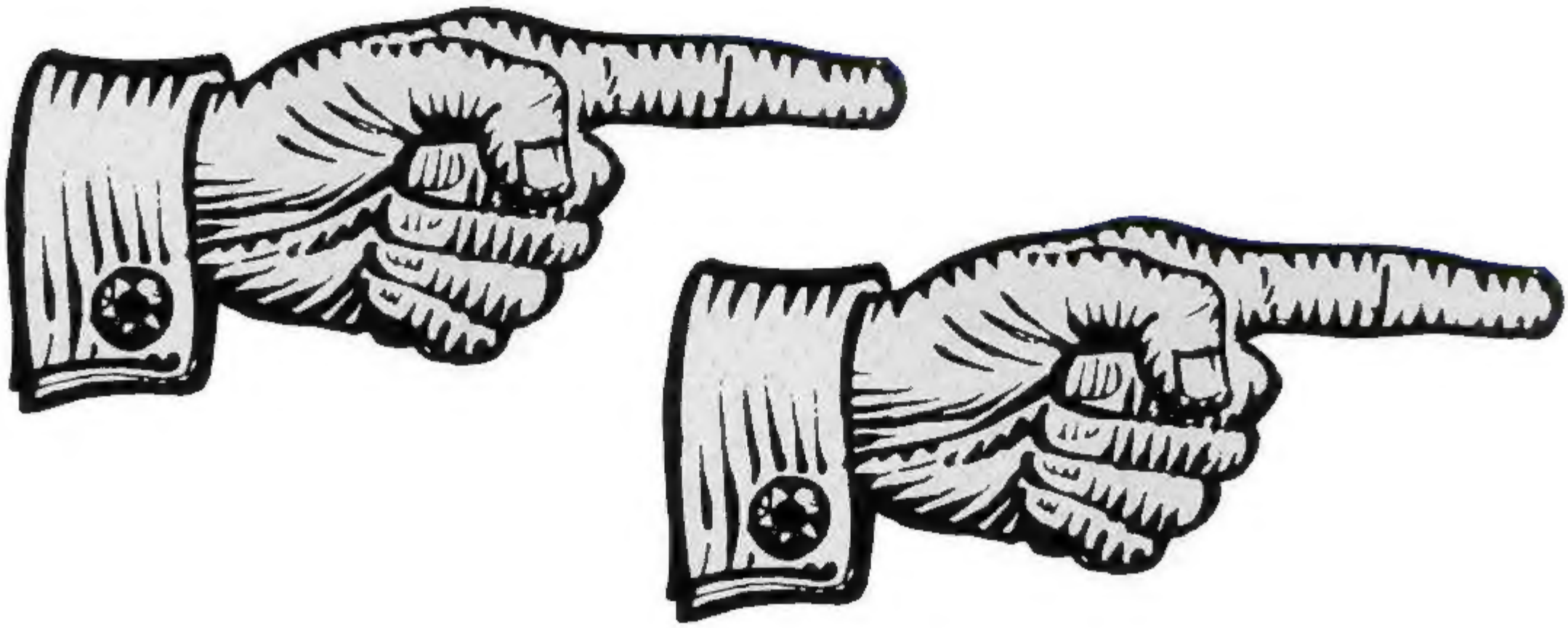
☐ Sloppy Editing ☐ Slipshod Binding ☐ Crummy Printing
☐ Pitiful Writing ☐ Rotten Illustrating ☐ Wretched Humor

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____
STATE _____ ZIP CODE _____

Under the Terms and Conditions of your WARRANTY, I am submitting Proof of Purchase as stipulated in Paragraph 1. I have shipped it, along with this WARRANTY REGISTRATION CARD, as stipulated in Paragraphs 2 and 3. On reading over this WARRANTY, however, I have discovered that by cutting out this Warranty Registration Card, I have altered and defaced the issue, thereby allowing you to withdraw the WARRANTY as stipulated in Paragraph 4, which proves to me how much of a schmuck I was to ever believe that MAD Magazine would offer a WARRANTY in the first place!

Nothing to see here!

Please skip ahead.



WHAT'S THE ONE THING OIL-RICH SHEIKS HAVE NO INTENTION OF *FUELING* IN THEIR OWN LANDS?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

There's fuel for everything in the Middle East's oil rich lands. Except for one very important thing. And the way it looks now, this one thing isn't ever going to get any. To find out what it is, fold in the page.

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

OIL RICH SHEIKS NOW SUPPORT HOSPITALS, SCHOOLS LIBRARIES AND OTHER THINGS THAT WERE ONCE HELD IN POVERTY'S TORTURED GRIP. BUT ONE THING IS STILL KEPT OUT OF REACH

A▸ ◂B

WHAT'S THE ONE THING OIL-RICH SHEIKS HAVE NO INTENTION OF *FUELING* IN THEIR OWN LANDS?

FOLD PAGE OVER LIKE THIS!

A ◀B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

LIBERTY'S TORCH

A▶◀B

A Fairy Tale

ARTIST : DON MARTIN WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES